Saturday Review of Literature

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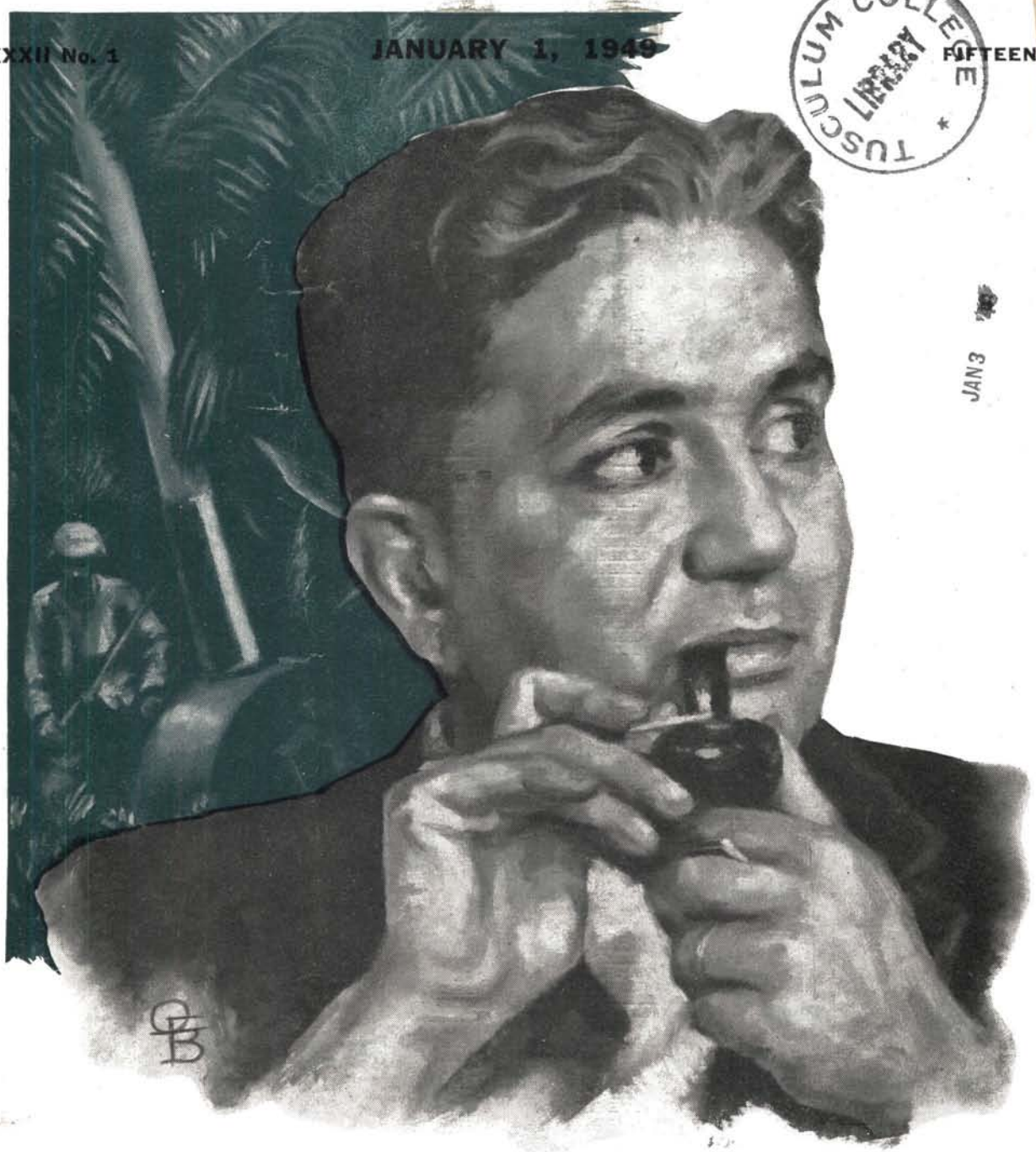

Ira Wolfert, author of "An Act of Love" *(See page 9)*

The Novelist Deals with Character

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

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1948 was a mighty big year for additions to the telephone world.

Your own particular telephone is more valuable today, millions of calls go through clearer and quicker, because of the many things that have been done to extend and improve service.

You can call more people, and more people can call you, because nearly 3,000,000 Bell telephones were added to the telephone population — many in your own community.

Long Distance service is faster and there is more of it because 1,800,000 miles of new circuits were added. A total of $1,500,000,000 was invested in new Local and Long Distance facilities in 1948.

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST EXCITING ALBUM of records I ever have heard is Columbia's "I Can Hear It Now," a chronicle of the war and the years of crisis, told in the authentic sounds and voices of the men who made this history: Roosevelt, Churchill, Hitler, Mussolini, La Guardia, Willkie, Eisenhower, Al Smith, Truman, the Duke of Windsor, and dozens of others. Included are the unforgettable broadcast of the dirigible *Hindenburg*'s explosion and Arthur Godfrey's heartbreaking description of FDR's funeral procession. The fabulous success of this album (you *must* have it if you own a phonograph) is a tribute to Ed Murrow, Fred Friendly, and J. G. Gude, who spent months perfecting it. . . . In choosing the Churchill material for the collection, there was the greatest embarrassment of riches. Boiling down some six hours of Churchill's magnificent sonorities to seven brief minutes required ruthless cuts. At a party at Mark Van Doren's house, Murrow told of his difficulties. "At least you knew you had to use the 'Blood, toil, sweat, and tears' speech," said a lady who was present. "And certainly you must have included the thrilling 'We will fight upon the beaches'." Murrow reminded her that, unfortunately, neither of these speeches had been recorded or broadcast, since both had been delivered in the House of Commons, which has strict rules against radio and newsreels. But the lady insisted. "I *know* I listened to broadcasts of both those speeches," she said firmly. "The one on blood, sweat, and tears—why, *I can hear it now*." The lady erred—but at that moment the title of an historic album was born. . . .

LAURA HOBSON'S NEW NOVEL will be a family story with a silver cord theme: the complicated relationship of a father and daughter. *Cosmopolitan*'s Herbert Mayes has gobbled first serial rights, and is obviously elated over it. . . . Harper's entry for the 1949 best-seller stakes is Fred Gipson's "Hound Dog Man." The BOMC, which will distribute it later this month, hopes it will duplicate the success of two somewhat similar stories: "The Yearling" and "The Voice of Bugle Ann." . . . Evelyn Waugh's new novel, due from Little, Brown in February, is called "Scott King's Modern Europe." It is about the same length as "The Loved One," but to my mind infinitely superior. Describing a sedate English schoolmaster's breathtaking adventures when he stumbles into the role of official representative of the Crown at a ridiculous shindig dreamed up by the propaganda ministry of a Fascist state, Mr. Waugh is back in the form that made "Black Mischief" and "A Handful of Dust" so memorable. . . . Little, Brown will also publish John Marquand's new novel, "Point of No Return," in February. . . . What a pity that Alfred McIntyre died on the eve of what looks like Little, Brown's biggest year. Mr. McIntyre was not only one of the great publishers of his era, but a man whose friendly counsel and generous help kept many competitors afloat when seas were stormiest. . . . Alfred McIntyre's death followed on the heels of the passing of two other literary stalwarts: Roark Bradford of "Green Pastures" fame, and A. E. W. Mason, who wrote "Four Feathers" and that masterpiece of detective fiction "The House of the Arrow." . . . The new president of Little, Brown will be Arthur Thornhill. . . .

GAYLORD HAUSER, frequent companion of Greta Garbo, wrote a book called "Diet Does It" for Coward-McCann in 1944. It has sold 15,000 copies this season, putting it over the 100,000 mark, but it never once appeared on any best-seller list. Another book whose omission from those mysteriously-arrived-at compilations is difficult to explain is Walter Benton's "This Is My Beloved," a torrid volume of poetry published by Knopf in 1943 that is nudging the quarter million mark by this time. During the war, it was as essential a part of a gob's equipment as bell-bottom trousers. . . . Chris Morley is returning to the Doubleday fold with his new novel, "The Man Who Made Friends with Himself," and rumor has it that Miss Edna Ferber will follow close on his heels. . . . The agent who placed Edna Ferber's very first novel, "Dawn O'Hara," incidentally, with Stokes back in 1911, is Flora May Holly, now crowding eighty, but still lecturing on current books, and cutting lively capers at the Stamford Women's Club. When Russell Janney journeyed there to lecture on his "Miracle of the Bells," he vanished mysteriously on his way to the auditorium and was discovered some minutes later locked in the washroom. The committee persuaded Mr. Janney it was an accident but Miss Holly has never since been entrusted with the key. . . . Mrs. Cox, the president of the Stamford Women's Club, entered Macmillan's at the same time as Harold Latham. And her associate, Mrs. Canaday, has a husband who is sales manager of Lentheric perfumes, and distributes occasional samples—not to mention Manhattans—to visiting firemen. My wife hopes they'll ask me there again—and so do I. . . .

IRWIN EDMAN WRITES, "Here is a Somerset Maugham story that he told me this summer while I was visiting him. When he went to Bombay he was definitely neglected by the snobbish English colony. Finally, however, a dowager condescended to speak to him at a large reception. 'Mr. Maugham,' she hazarded, 'could you by any chance be related to Lord Maugham, the Lord Chancellor?' 'Yes,' he said. 'He's my brother.' The dowager summoned her friends. 'This Mr. Maugham,' she informed them breathlessly, 'is the brother of the Lord Chancellor!' Then with hardly a pause, she said to Mr. Maugham, 'Will you come to lunch on Wednesday?' " . . . I continue to be haunted by that parody "translation" I printed of a Russian comment on "Other Voices, Other Rooms." What did the Russian review *really* say, readers demand. Well, here it is, and I hope this will mark finis to the episode:

> So far Capote has made his enthusiastic readers and admirers happy by a volume, "Other Voices, Other Rooms." This novel, entirely inhabited by degenerates and thoroughly permeated by a noxious "aroma" of the truest kind of degeneration, aroused in the American bourgeois critics the wildest, most furious enthusiasm. And how

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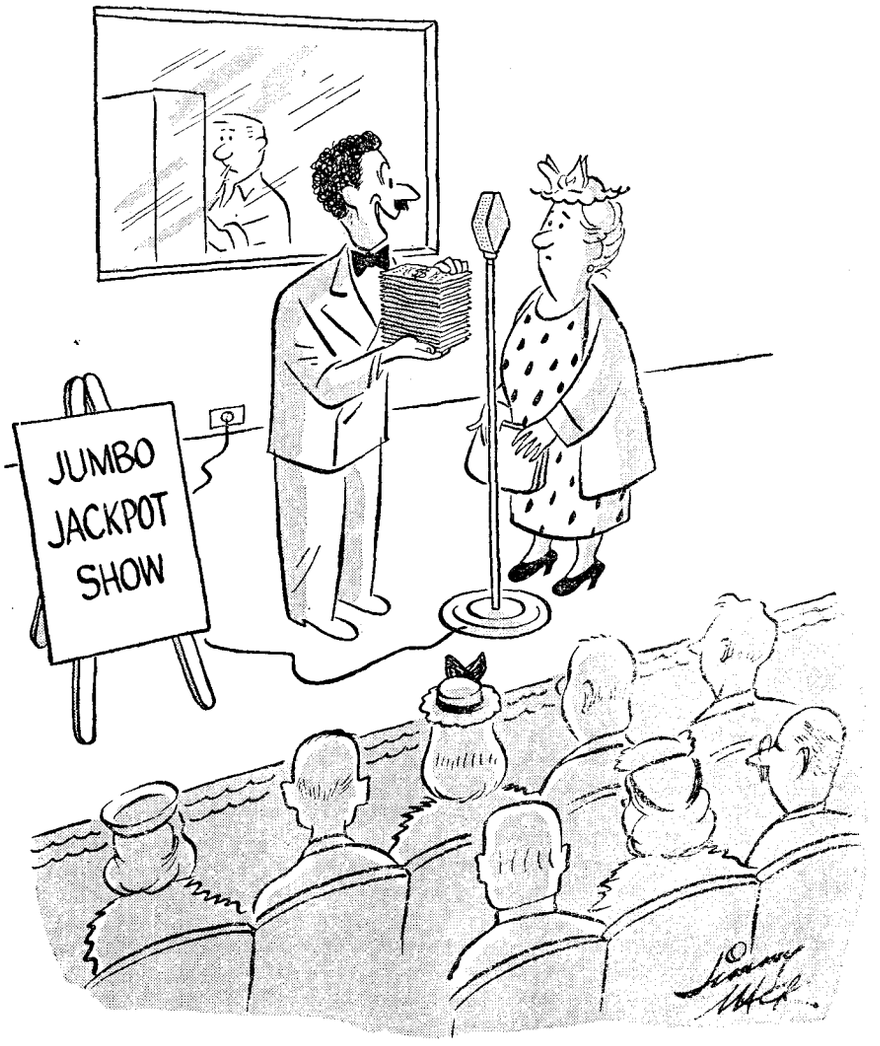

". . . and here's $10,000 for a good try, Mrs. Gaston—better luck next time."

could it be otherwise, not to be delighted with a book where the three leading characters are: a helpless demented paralytic, his wife—a cretin, and an uncle rapturously characterized by the critics as a "degenerate esthete." . . .

MIKE GROSS, the poster artist, has an author-friend named Harry S. Drago, who was engaged by a Hollywood producer at $1,200 a week to write a series of Westerns for a cowboy star. The very day Drago reported for work, unfortunately, the star embarked on a wild spree and disappeared from sight. While studio sleuths endeavored vainly to track down the errant cowboy, Drago did nothing but sit in the sun and draw his salary. After four weeks of this, he sought the producer and protested, "I'm not cut out for this sort of life. I'm going back to New York." "Wait," pleaded the producer. "We've practically cornered our missing hero now. At least, we know he's somewhere in Texas. Once we corral him, he'll be on his good behavior for six months at least. If you must keep busy in the meantime, I've got a job for you. It's full of human interest too and might give you material for a dozen stories. Every day a parcel of women come out here to see the studio. We've got to be nice to them, because they can murder us if they've a mind for it. Now the fellow who usually conducts these tours is sick, and you'll be doing me a real favor if you take over for him."

"Might as well," Drago conceded. He assembled his first group and began pointing out the sights. One dowager indicated a building he had neglected to mention. "What's that?" she demanded. Drago consulted his map and explained, "That's just a place where we store spoiled film. "Fine thing," snorted the dowager. "The whole country suffers from a housing shortage, and you use a fine building like that for the storage of spoiled film."

"You don't know the half of it," agreed Drago. "They are also paying me $1,200 a week just to point it out to you." —BENNETT CERF.

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If you detect any of the following symptoms, see your doctor at once!

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1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.

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THE Grand Design

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

In a best-seller world that seems to be preoccupied with either the grimness of battle in this century or the romance of battle in other centuries — when authors offer us only horror of today or dreams of yesterday that won't come true, Dos Passos has found in his novel a different and deeply productive preoccupation. His book is a study of men at the peak of influence in present-day American society, and the new strains that go with great public responsibility and the effect of these strains on not only the able and honest but the weak and self-seeking.

By a coincidence THE GRAND DESIGN appears to have perhaps more meaning as the title of this book than even the author foresaw, for in this book we begin to see as never before the endless expanse and the fine integration of Dos Passos' whole work and we begin to realize that in using the novel as his medium, Dos Passos, with ever increasing skill, has put down a record of modern society probably unequalled in scope in all literary history. The novels of Proust show us in detail only one facet of French society. Balzac with his realism demonstrates only the two extremes of society. Tolstoy, with a greater range than Proust or Balzac has not so carefully integrated his work. For America, for literature and for John Dos Passos, this new novel is indeed a grand design.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Novelist Deals with Character

ARTHUR KOESTLER

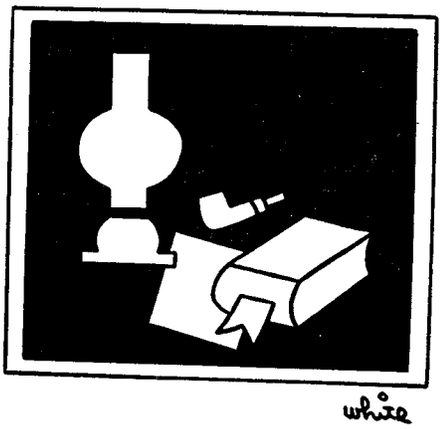
—Fred Stein.
Arthur Koestler

WHAT exactly do people mean when they say that a character in a novel "lives"? Or that it is "unforgettable" and "alive in our memory"?

Before we can hope to answer this question, a few words should be said about the way we remember real people. We think that we know or remember a person by his face or figure or clothes or voice—that is, by means of visual and acoustic images. But it is not quite as simple as that. The average person, who does not happen to be a policeman, or painter, or of any other particular observant type, will be at a loss to give an exact description even of people whom he knows quite well. He knows neither the color of the eyes of most of his acquaintances, nor what clothes they wore the last time he saw them. This haziness of visual memory becomes particularly painful if we try to recall the image of the dead person who once meant much to us, and, to our surprise, completely fail to do so.

What we do remember of our ordinary acquaintances are, in the first place, certain *vivid details*—a gesture, an intonation, a few outstanding visual features. These function as *pars pro toto*—as signs or shorthand symbols for the complete image of the person. We remember these details because they made an impression, and for some known or unknown reason meant something to us. In other words, the details capable of imaginative recall and serving as memory signs for the whole person are those which have some affective significance—so much so, that people fall in love with detached parts of the person: a voice, a scent, a pair of legs, or a uniform. The pathological extreme of this phenomenon leads to fetishism.

But this again is not the whole story. Though we can consciously recall only certain features in a chance acquaintance's face, when we meet him again, *the whole* of the person will be familiar; and, if a change has occurred which affects some aspect of the visual appearance of the person, we will notice that change, although five minutes before we would have been quite unable to recall the original detail. Thus a man will say to a woman that "she has done something to her hair," but be unable to say how her hair was done before the change; or he will say to another man, "I haven't seen you wearing this tie before," though he has not the faintest idea what the previously worn ties were like. In other words, though only certain selected parts remain capable of conscious recall, a memory trace of the whole must have been present, a trace too faint to be reproduced as a visual image, and yet consistent enough to signal the discrepancy caused by the change. In a similar way, when we enter a friend's room we may notice that he has shifted his furniture about, without having any conscious recollection of its previous position, or even of the pieces it comprised. In other words, we are capable of noticing at once that in a given configuration "something is wrong" without being capable of saying what it is, or naming the "right" position of the detail.



GESTALT psychologists explain this phenomenon by saying that memory traces do not consist of a summative mosaic of details but of "organized wholes." This is certainly true; the problem is the nature of the organizing agent.* It is true that it is much easier to remember the position on a chessboard after, say, the fifteenth move of a game actually played, than the position on a chessboaord on which the chessmen have been put haphazardly by a child. The details of the situation (the number of pawns or the position of the knights) may have been forgotten, and will only be recalled by deducing the detail from the functional coherence of the game. But all this presupposes an organizing agent, rule, or operator, which changes the summative mosaic into an organized whole; and this agent is not necessarily of a visual nature. In the case of the chessboard, the rules of chess act as such an agent, enabling us to remember the whole, while forgetting the details if detached from the whole. But of what nature are the organizing agents which enable us to remember the total picture of a room while forgetting the individual pieces of furniture, and which make it possible to retain a total impression of a face without retaining as separate items the color of the eyes, the shape of the ears, or the way the hair is parted?

Let us take the simpler example of the room first. We will assume that on our first visit all the pieces of furniture belonged to the same period. Then—to revert to our former terminology—the selective operator of the field active in our memory will reject

*The difficulty of the Gestalt explanation, and our points of disagreement with it, refer merely to the processes which account for this organized character of the trace. For Köhler the organizing agent consists of "self-distributing electrolytic currents" in the optical cortex, and the conclusions derived from this hypothesis are applied rather indiscriminately to processes other than visual (closure-principle, etc.).

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a piece of furniture of a different period as "wrong," regardless of whether the individual pieces of furniture are recognized or not. For a selective operator can survive the dropping out of any number of the members of its field and thus reject a memory as "wrong" without enabling us to reproduce the right one.

Now let us further assume that the furniture in the room was previously arranged in a certain geometrical pattern, for example, armchairs and sofa in a semicircle round the fireplace, and the rest of the furniture forming a semi-rectangle along the three other walls. We then have a second component of our field operator which again will reject disturbances of the geometrical pattern as "wrong" without enabling us to recall the proper place of the individual members in the pattern. The total impression of color and lighting in the room may provide a third component, again regardless of detail; and these various selective agents will combine into a matrix of the room which will act as a fairly fine-meshed filter, rejecting all details that do not fit into the whole, while still not enabling us to recall the details which do fit.* Naturally, there will be a number of details which can be changed without being noticed, for it is in the nature of the filter to reject only such changes which conflict with any of the selective criteria applied—that is, with those general aspects of the room which have assumed conscious or unconscious significance for us. In a furniture dealer's storeroom, where neither period, nor spatial arrangement, nor colors, nor values can serve as selective operators, no changes will be noticed—except perhaps that the prices on the labels have generally gone up; and this again though we don't remember the previous price of separate items.

Which, then, are the selective operators which enable us to retain a total impression of a face, of a personality, without remembering the details? They appear in everyday life mainly as *adjectives of character:* we talk of an innocent, or lascivious, or energetic, or clever, or dull *expression* of a face; of a hard, or brutal, or sensitive face; of a horse face, a madonna face, an aristocratic face, and so on. When asked to give a definition of any of these terms, we meet with the same difficulty as when asked about the details of the furniture in the room; and yet these apparently vague judgments of character, type, expression, and so forth, are the selective operators which enable us to retain an impression of the person. These impressions of the total person, like the retention of simple characteristic features, depend in the last resort on a dynamic, affective relationship. The affective response may be very faint or even unconscious, but without it the person would altogether fade from memory. The affective component may be a half-conscious resemblance to another person who in the past had some importance for us, though this resemblance may be based on factors undiscernible by anybody else. It may be determined by our mood at the moment of the meeting, its circumstances and background, and other conscious or unconscious factors. The fact remains, that in both forms of remembering people—by "significant detail" and by total impressions of a selective nature—their memory trace was impressed upon our minds by an affective process.

THE effects of the emotional substratum of our memories of people are even more marked in our attitude to their manner of behavior. We make so-called "instinctive" judgment as to how people would behave in a given situation, even if we only know them slightly; what to expect of them, how much to trust them, and so forth. Again, such predictions of behavior include no details, merely an assessment of the general orientation and type of reaction of the person. We are so accustomed to make such behavior assessments, and by and large they are so correct, that we fail to see how difficult they are to explain. For we know practically nothing of the person's intimate past, his heredity and early environment, and of the thousand other physiological and psychological factors which influence his actions. Ignorant of all these causal threads, and of the way they are knitted together, we are nevertheless able to guess the resultant pattern, and to eliminate with considerable assurance "wrong" predictions by saying: "Oh, no, X would never be able to do that sort of thing." Thus our assessments of behavior are again based on selective processes of an even more dynamic character. The projective nature of these processes becomes apparent in the fact that while *knowing* very little *about* a person we may have a fairly good idea of what it would *feel* like to *be* him.

This feeling-in process, or empathy, is, as we saw, based on the projection of part of our own personality into the shell of the other. Which aspect or functional sub-whole of our own personality would fit the shell is decided by the, mostly, unconscious interpretation of certain signs in the other's appearance and behavior. The richer the personality, the more heterogeneous, contradictory, unavowable aspects it contains, the more empathetic understanding of others it will be capable of. It has been said that to describe a murder convincingly, the

(*Continued on page* 30)

"Now *remember,* they'll be more inclined to believe your story if you say you were once a member of the Communist Party."

*The physicist will find in this interpretation of the functioning of memory-traces certain parallels to the functioning of scanning circuits in the type of calculating machine known as "electric brain."

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Fiction. *Most of the war novels which have so far won deserved praise or have climbed up or down the best-seller lists have taken away from the individual fighter whatever decency or nobility he possessed as a member of the human race. The commonest complaint about Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and other novels of that school is that nearly all of its innumerable characters appear, in and out of battle, to be the debased and brutalized products of our civilization, as if the novelist was writing a satire on American youth. Ira Wolfert's "An Act of Love," reviewed this week, restores the balance, since it reveals in the young men cast up on a South Sea island beach the essential dignity and compassionate nature of man. He is, for a change, capable of an act of unselfish love in the midst of terror and disintegration.*

External War and an Inner Battle

AN ACT OF LOVE. By Ira Wolfert. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 577 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

USING a massive, encircling, slate-colored, and tirelessly industrious prose, Ira Wolfert has followed his fine first novel, "Tucker's People," with a story of an islanded American flyer which, in its depth and candor, seems to me to come closer to its objective than any of the other war novels published this year. I am, I should add, excluding from this category and hence from this comparison James Gould Cozzens's admirable "Guard of Honor," since it is not properly a novel of warfare, but of bivouac.

This is a strange book; a strange light filters through it, a laddered light like that which splinters through the island jungle which is its setting. It is a book of the war, and yet not about the war; it is rooted in the war, and the war is causal and catalytic, and yet one of the curious and most effective things about "An Act of Love" is the way in which Mr. Wolfert has subtly managed to subordinate the war to the warfare which most, and so deeply, concerns him: the inner conflicts of a handful of people who dream and tremble, advance and flee, and struggle with each other and with themselves in this trampled Eden.

It was the war, the external war, which presented Lieutenant Brunner with his predicament. It destroyed the cruiser on whose deck his plane had nested, sent him into the sea, and cast him up like a dying sea-bird on the sand of the island where his final inner battle was to be fought. He did not know it then, but that battle had already begun; it had begun when, stunned and traumatic, he had lifted from the wallowing foredeck of the *Minot* a wounded seaman whom he scarcely knew, wrapped him in life-jackets, and, through days and nights of dimming consciousness, kept the lifeless body by him, cherishing it without question, giving it more importance than himself; making thus instinctively, unknowingly, a small, hopeless gesture of defiance and love.

On the island beach the gentle, unquestioning Kanakas found him and nursed him back to health. A few miles away were Andrew and Deborah Andersen and their young daughter Julia, Americans who were dreaming their lives away on a small plantation. Sometimes, as Harry Brunner and Julia Andersen talked and fell in love in the soft, light air, a Japanese plane would hang in the sky and sing its war-song above their heads. At such times Brunner would tremble and fall silent, remembering a dream of war which he had once surely dreamed, a dream of a Lieutenant Brunner who had gone down when the *Minot* went down, and had been lost at sea. One day, when he heard the roar of a PBY, he knew he could no longer put the dream between himself and reality, and, when an American patrol came slipping through the jungle to Andersen's house, Harry Brunner entered upon his ordeal; an ordeal that was to be ended in battle, a battle in which Brunner was to find himself, at last and surely, through a simple, conscious act of selflessness and love.

Ira Wolfert is, if I may make the distinction, more the novelist than the novel-writer, and this accounts for both the power and the unevenness of "An Act of Love." In one sense it is a novel-within-a-novel, for Mr. Wolfert cannot resist the temptation to explore the complex relation-

THE AUTHOR: With would-be litterateurs yearning at every wheel in Gotham taxis, it's anybody's syllogism that Ira Wolfert, erstwhile trolley motorman and hack driver, is author of four highly regarded nonfiction works and, previous to "An Act of Love," the novel "Tucker's People," for which he did the screen play (now showing as "Force of Evil"). Also numerous articles and short stories for *Harper's, Collier's, Esquire, SEP, et al.* He had it over most cosmopolitan coachmen, however, having been copy boy and newspaper writer from age fourteen. In 1928 he took the cab job—at which he cleaned up $40-$45 a week—principally to support a bride (poetess Helen X. Herschdorfer) and his way through Columbia. The next year he got a night desk at North American Newspaper Alliance and soon "managed to get $1,000 ahead of the game" to go honeymooning in Europe. Two years later he returned to New York and the NANA, where until war broke out he did everything—sports, features, interviews, and a weekly drama column. "I like to look at actresses, somewhat less at actors, but I have no real enthusiasm for the theatre," he admits. "Sitting around saloons and arguing is the thing I like best." He covered the Normandy invasion, was with the First and Third Armies in France, Belgium, and Germany, scooped the Free French seizure of St. Pierre and Miquelon. His reports on Guadalcanal were elaborated on in "Battle for the Solomons" and "Torpedo 8" and won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1943. He has been a *New York Star* reporter since last June. Previously, "it was thirteen months' concentrated work without a day off except an occasional Sunday, when I sat and worried about the book." He'll spend weeks resolving a single incident, trying to get at the hidden values, more rewarding to him than the easy equivocation of detailing carnality. "I'd rather be in a bedroom than read about it—even at the age of forty."—R. G.

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ship between Andrew and Deborah Andersen so exhaustively that there are points when I felt I had gone from one novel to another. His scrutiny of his characters is so intense, so thorough and enveloping that the reader is caught and held in the eddies of their tiniest thoughts and impulses. This is the power I spoke of, and it also gives the book its odd, broken pace. Still, I do not know when I have been so transfixed by a description of a disaster as by the magnificent passage which tells of the destruction of the *Minot,* and the icy nightmare of the drifting, dying men; here are terror and death and disintegration superbly articulated, told with a terrible patience, a numbing minutiae.

It is good to read a novel by Ira Wolfert again, good to come upon a book so pervaded by deep compassion and—there is no other word for it—lovingkindness. It is also good, very good, to read a book in which war is the vanquished enemy, and which enunciates so clearly the dignity of man.

Sorrows of a Frankfurt Youth

THE DRAGON IN THE FOREST. By Richard Plant. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

RICHARD PLANT'S novel deals with a boy who grew up in Frankfurt-am-Main during the years following the First World War, and the process of his maturing is shown against the nightmarish backdrop of the events which gave power to Hitler. But Willy, the son of a Social-Democrat father and a courageous, clear-headed mother, did not fall victim to the insane ideologies which gripped so large a portion of the German youth. Relatively early in his teens he found it necessary to make his choice, and the principles he chose eventually drove him from his home and his country, for by the time of the Reichstag burning a dragnet was already out for him.

Mr. Plant was given the first Eugene F. Saxton fellowship to enable him to complete this work, but the performance does not amount to an altogether happy inaugural for these awards. It is not the headline-familiarity of the material which is responsible for this. The truth of the matter is that we have here a leaden, plodding, and discursive account of a boy's growth into manhood. No amount of authentic detail about life in Frankfurt during those years of inflation, hunger, and terror ever manages to lift Willy, his family, his friends, to more than heavily-symbolic figures.

This is unfortunate, since the purpose has been so entirely serious. Mr. Plant, born in Frankfurt and now a citizen of this country, has an intimate knowledge of the city which now serves as the headquarters for our Occupation forces, and he is also intellectually aware of much that caused the cancerous political structure of the Third Reich. He shows us the early youth organizations, like the *Wandervogel,* which became training material for the SS, the SA, and the Werhmacht. We see the results of the inflation which could turn a lifetime of savings into an amount insufficient for a postage stamp. He gives us glimpses of the restlessly wandering young unemployed, becoming easy prey for those who would corrupt and use them. And there is the continual jockeying for power between the right and the left, which served to squeeze the middle-class into political impotence.

And, in a way, the book presents a reasonable argument for those who would not place German guilt on a whole population. From this account there were, obviously, Germans who did not participate in the wholesale irrationality of the time. Many, on all levels, fought against what for a long time was a gangsteristic minority, and many more committed the lesser crime of passivity. Thus we see the University of Frankfurt turning into an ideological and physical battleground, and we see some attempting to raise the clear voice of protest and warning against the inner menace. Willy Halder, by the time he reached his twenties, was one of these. If he had not left Germany in time he would have been one more numbered resident of a concentration camp.

But the story itself becomes only a thin veil for what seems primarily a journalistic task. Almost never do the people emerge vividly. Perhaps it is the patient covering of a fifteen-year time-span which is a partial reason for this. The incidents of these fif-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS

Ned Beatty Bartlow, of Baton Rouge, is the author of this week's quiz. She asks you to name the book, the title of which suggests the trade or profession listed in the left-hand column. Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

Trade or Profession	*Title of Book*	*Author*
1. Geologist	.....	Carl Sandburg
2. Artist	.....	Oscar Wilde
3. Barber	.....	Somerset Maugham
4. Engineer	.....	Thornton Wilder
5. Aviator	.....	Christopher Morley
6. Merchant	.....	A. A. Horn
7. Mortician	.....	Arnold Bennett
8. Hunter	.....	Lillian Hellman
9. Astronomer	.....	A. J. Cronin
10. Circus prop.	.....	G. Bernard Shaw
11. Architect	.....	Emily Eden
12. Sailor	.....	James Hilton
13. Politician	.....	Pat Frank
14. Farmer	.....	Betty MacDonald
15. Utilities Co.	.....	Tennessee Williams
16. Veterinarian	.....	Conan Doyle
17. Realtor	.....	Pearl Buck
18. Vintner	.....	John Steinbeck
19. Clergyman	.....	Agnes S. Turnbull
20. Banker	.....	Vincent Sheean
21. Meteorologist	.....	Winston Churchill
22. Lawyer	.....	Franz Kafka
23. Warrior	.....	Leo Tolstoy
24. Milliner	.....	Robert Wilder
25. Florist	.....	Van Wyck Brooks

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teen years in Willy's life seem to have been selected not so much for their emotional power as for their value in representing the larger outside events. All too often the dialogue turns into a dry and stilted recounting of ideological and political arguments, hardly conducive to persuasive characterization. Nor does the prosaic style help us respond intensely to the sorrows of Willy Halder. Purpose and sincerity are evidently not enough, if too many factors of the narrative gift are missing.

Galluping History

HIGH TOWERS. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 403 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

—*Carl J. Oppenheimer.*

Richard Plant — "a thin veil for a journalistic task."

Thomas B. Costain—clay feet "to satisfy the modern taste."

THIS time the author of the fabulously successful "The Black Rose" and "The Moneyman" has constructed one of his prefabricated historical romances out of eighteenth-century Montreal and New Orleans. He has dug up the heroic Le Moyne family of explorers, traders, warriors, financiers, and diplomats who dedicated their lives to France's battles against the English and the Indians and to the establishment of French colonial spheres in the lower Mississippi country.

No matter how fabulous historical exploits may be, Mr. Costain contrives to reduce them, by the prestidigitation of the formula novelist, to the old reliable situations. Indeed, it almost seems as though the author has consulted Dr. Gallup in order to insure the mass entertainment value of each element of his story. His heroes are sufficiently gallant to stir up dreams of chivalry and echoes of clashing arms, but sufficiently clay-footed to satisfy the modern taste for moral weakness. His leading lady conforms to the Cinderella pattern and blossoms into a damsel so virtuous, intelligent, and gracious that she would bore the daylights out of normally endocrine readers, were it not for the fact that she becomes involved with a lecherous villain, undergoes sadistic beatings at the hands of a savage husband, and faces torture and death from a band of wild Indians before she is restored to a tranquil and romantic equilibrium.

All this juggling of dramatic situations is guaranteed to please a best-seller audience according to the graphs developed by cross-section polls of the population by such researchers as Albert E. Sindlinger, who works for Dr. Gallup and who has established book-writing factories for eager authors. Mr. Costain may not have employed the Sindlinger mechanism directly, but his novel is proof of his own expertness in the game.

The city of Montreal in Mr. Costain's drama burgeons with romance. It is ruled by Charles Le Moyne, the Seigneur of Longueuil, who, like Simon in the First Book of Maccabees, "built up the strongholds in Judea, and fenced them about with high towers, and great walls, and gates, and bars." There the Seigneur directs his brothers in defending the honor of France—in naval battles with the British, in diplomatic and financial battle with the moneyed conspirators who surrounded Louis XIV. There he rules benevolently over the sturdy artisans, the trappers, and tradesmen who are creating a civilization despite the lack of support and of funds from the home country. Various schemers and grasping lawyers try to frustrate the good Seigneur's work, and his resources and fortune are often threatened, but he manages to survive. What if he is given occasionally to such stock-company theatrical speeches as: "You are a crooked stick, Benoit, a treacherous dog, a scoundrel, an archvillain, a Judas!"? And what if he is surrounded by the stereotyped groups of old abbes, crotchety housekeepers, faithful servants, and other typical members of a light opera ensemble? His heart is in the right place and he works always on the side of the angels.

Mr. Costain refrains for the most part from taking us to the scenes of battle, plague, and conflict where six of the ten sons of the Le Moyne family lose their lives. Instead, we receive the sad news in Montreal, where the community grief is lessened only by the need to carry on their crusade. In lieu of direct action in the Montreal scenes, we are entertained with a pastel-tinted love story in which the little daughter of a very Frenchy lady of questionable morality is adopted by the Le Moynes and grows from an ugly duckling into a kind of Hollywood glamor girl with brains. Félicité's own true love, a carpenter and builder named Phillippe, sacrifices his passion so that she may marry a French nobleman in the interest of the Le Moyne cause. Phillippe joins Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne, who has founded the village of Nouvelle Orléans after an epic exploration of the lower Mississippi. Mr. Costain gives us rather a sketchy portrayal of the early New Orleans landscape, dotted here and there with muttering mob scenes and Indian raids. He saves his big climax, however, for the arrival of Félicité and her marriage to the cad De Mariat, an obscene fellow from Paris and Versailles. It is hard to believe, but when the trembling bride resists his marital advances, he says:

> Do you think I'll allow you to leave this room as virtuous as when you came in? When you struck me, you simple-minded goose, I swore to myself that to lie with you was the last thing I desired on earth. But that was the effect of a most unpleasant surprise and shock. I seem to have recovered from it. I find you desirable again. I intend, my little spitfire, to destroy all chance of an annulment by consummating the marriage at once!

Presumably the curtain falls at this nervous moment, as we hiss and boo the villain to our hearts' content. But amidst the booing and hissing, one individual in the audience can be heard applauding enthusiastically. It is Dr. Gallup.

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The World.

The start of 1949 finds thoughtful citizens earnestly studying the records of World War II to discover its fundamental causes and grimly analyzing the factors which today appear to be drawing the world into a new conflict. The three books reviewed here should help them in their rumination. Arthur P. Chew's "Ploughshares Into Swords" offers a simple—perhaps too simple—explanation for the recent war. A. Edward Stuntz's "To Make the People Strong" reports the effort of the United States to remove some of the seeds of war by improving the welfare of its Latin-American neighbors. Francis Williams tells of the British experiment in "Socialist Britain." Read with such books as Keith Hutchison's "Rival Partners: America and Britain" and Percy E. Corbett's "Britain: Power for Peace," it may help Americans determine what their future relations with their wartime ally should be.

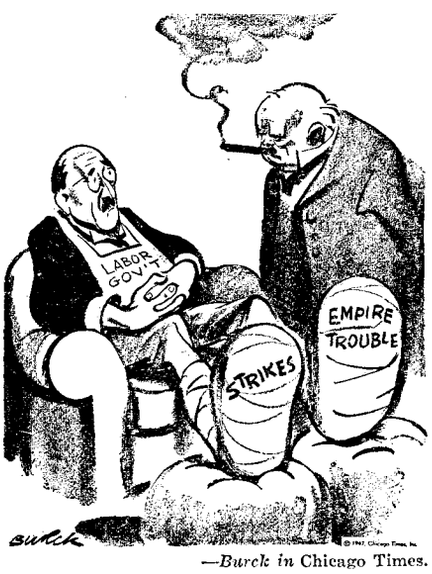
Milestone of a Mature Economy

SOCIALIST BRITAIN: Its Background, Its Present, and an Estimate of Its Future. By Francis Williams. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 288 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THIS is one of the most enlightening of those brief, popular treatments of Britain's current troubles that have appeared in such numbers since the end of the war. Mr. Williams is a bright and, one suspects, reasonably young British Socialist who has already had some experience in the bureaucracy of a mildly Socialist state. He writes with a persuasive clarity that simplifies, without falsifying, the complex economic and social problems Britain faces today. His manner has the effortless assurance of superiority British intellectuals, no matter how far Left they are, seem to have inherited from the Victorian ancestors they have otherwise so completely repudiated. Mr. Williams's book will, of course, offend Americans of conservative, old-fashioned individualism just because it assumes the necessity and desirability of Socialism. More receptive Americans should not be too much offended by echoes from Matthew Arnold, H. G. Wells, the Webbs, Harold Laski, and the rest of the long line of exceedingly self-assured British Leftist intellectuals.

Mr. Williams begins by defining the kind of Socialism now practised in Britain as a middle way between Communism, which makes no attempt to preserve the rights of the individual, and capitalism, which makes inadequate attempts to keep the whole society on an even keel of planned security. He then analyzes in concrete but not minute detail the specific measures the Labor Government has taken to realize this kind of Socialism. He is by no means contemptuous of the personal factor, and much of his book is taken up with excellent character sketches of Attlee, Cripps, Bevan, Bevin, and Morrison, and with slighter references to other leaders. He makes clear the reasons why the British Labor Party is not a Marxist party, why it has managed to secure the support of so many intellectuals, white-collar workers, and small business men. Finally, he makes it very clear that Britain's present course is no perversion of her history, no sudden despairing (or hopeful) turn of public opinion in an election held at the end of a long war, but the natural development of a mature economy in a small, exposed country on the edge of Europe.



—*Burck in* Chicago Times.

"I didn't know it was hereditary, Winnie."

For Mr. Williams is at least as much preoccupied with the world as with Britain. Much of this book is a discussion of Britain's place in international relations, but Mr. Williams does not say a great deal that has not been said before. On the basic diagnosis here, the social doctors are in somewhat surprising agreement: Britain, her manufacturing plant badly damaged, her efforts for six years turned to destruction, not construction, her merchant marine decimated, her international balance further damaged by disinvestment and loss of markets during the war, cannot possibly support her 45,000,000 people unless she renews and strengthens her export industry to a level of at least 150 per cent of 1938. That achievement Mr. Williams thinks may, in so far as it depends on the British, be within the grasp of the present Socialist regime. But it does not wholly depend on the British: it depends on the restoration of world trade under something like the conditions of prewar days—and preferably pre-1914. That restoration depends at this juncture largely on the United States.

Mr. Williams adds his voice to the chorus calling for the United States to lower its tariffs, to make dollars more available, and in general to implement (blessed bureaucratic word!) its often-expressed ideal of genuine multilateral world trade. But it is, especially when dealing with the United States, a moderate and reasonable voice. Mr. Williams is much kinder to us than most of his colleagues on the British Left. He does not accuse us of trying to undermine British Socialism. He does credit us with all sorts of international good will, and with real generosity. His doubts—and many Americans share them—are focused on our ability to live up realistically to the dominant international position we acquired in 1945—one almost wrote, "inherited from Britain in 1945." But unlike many British publicists of recent years, Mr. Williams does not despair even if the United States should fail to practise the economics it preaches. He still believes a sterling bloc centered on the British Commonwealth can be in economic matters a going concern, and that such a bloc politically can as a third superpower keep either Russia or America from unleashing forces that might produce another world war. This is the "honest broker" theory dear to the old (1947) Keep Left group, but moderately and persuasively stated. It will not convince those Americans who have been burying Britain for years. But most of us still find Britain a very lively corpse.

Crane Brinton, professor of history at Harvard University, is author of "The United States and Britain," and other books.

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Good Neighbor-wise

TO MAKE THE PEOPLE STRONG. By A. Edward Stuntz. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 298 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

WHEN Nelson A. Rockefeller's Office of Inter-American Affairs and various other Government agencies carrying out the Good Neighbor Policy in Latin America were folded at the end of World War II, two enterprises carried on. These were an organization engaged in improving health standards and fostering economic practices good for the public's health in the Hemisphere's republics —the Institute of Inter-American Affairs and the Inter-American Educational Foundation, Inc., whose purposes are more obvious.

Both have operated since the war as Government corporations, now merged. Relatively speaking, they haven't cost much money—less than $100,000,000 from 1943 through fiscal 1948, which includes the war's peak years. Now the expense has been greatly cut down, due, according to Mr. Stuntz, to the other American Governments' matching dollars put up by the United States for specific programs at rates ranging from two- to ten-to-one. Consequently, even the Eightieth Congress extended the agencies' operating schedules to 1950 on small appropriations, and their work will probably go on after that.

Mr. Stuntz's book is mainly a reporter's lively travelogue on their operations. He takes his readers to points where all sorts of mysterious and occasionally familiar diseases are under attack in cooperative health centers conducted by yanqui and Latin-American physicians and nurses: Yaws in Haiti, for instance; the dreaded pinta, a kind of little cousin to both leprosy and syphilis in Mexico; and everything that goes with insects and malnutrition in the Amazon valley—or with food and oxygen shortages in the Peruvian and Bolivian mining sections of the Andes.

He introduces us to scores of very real and extremely enthusiastic men and women working for such objectives as better drainage and water supply, good sewage disposal and sanitary privies, more nutritious crops and better farming methods, better health and maternity check-ups among the local populations—often against difficult obstacles of local superstitions and prejudices.

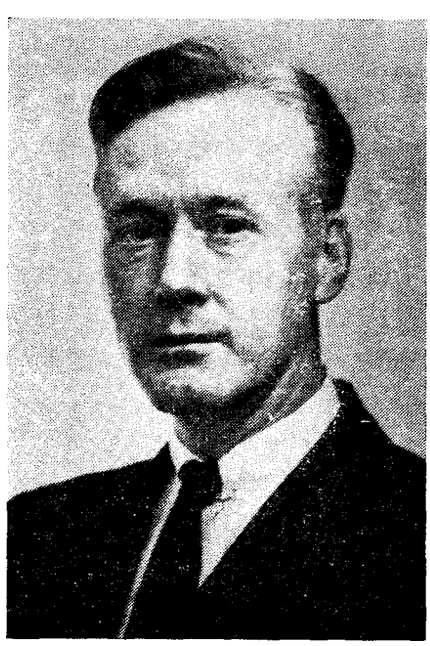
Mostly, the writing is deliberately a bit on the superficial side—a hedge in favor of popular appeal, no doubt. Latin America's health problems, including Chile's and Uruguay's as well as the tropical countries', are presented with an old Associated Press reporter's "I smell, I hear, I feel, I spy" technique.

But it is an effective method, as when Mr. Stuntz describes a cache —*cazuela*—of food for Bolivian miners around 12,000-feet-high Lake Titicaca: "A mess of what looked like stale vegetable greens mixed into a clay paste.

" 'Ugh,' said Christina (a lady Peruvian health-worker), 'there is dirt in it, mixed in with the watercress they fish out of pools and ditches fouled by their cattle. Corn meal, roots, potatoes too poor for the market, anything. They probably had portions out of this last night, ate some more for breakfast, and planned to finish it up tonight'."

Christina was trying to get her charges to eat a more nutritious stew-like dish—"mancani con puti"—with a few onion and carrot vitamins in it, and mutton or veal when available. And, like all of Mr. Stuntz's acquaintances, she is quotably and indefatigably optimistic about her problems. " 'See old grandmother out there?' " she adds. 'We want her, all adults like her to understand the feasibility of adding savor and nutrition to food!' "

Such word pictures add force to Mr. Stuntz's conclusion that the work being done by cooperating governments for health and education in Latin America is a labor for democracy and bad for Communist fifth columns. But even his bright public-relations cheeriness leaves doubts as to whether enough is being done fast enough.



—*Institute of Inter-American Affairs.*

A. Edward Stuntz: " . . . stale vegetables mixed into a clay paste."

Fights Over Food

PLOWSHARES INTO SWORDS. By Arthur P. Chew. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 227 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE thesis of this book by Mr. Chew, Information Specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture, is that nations go to war to win agricultural resources. If there will be a World War III, its roots will not be found in conflicts of ideology but in conflicts over food and agriculture. World War I led to World War II because it failed to unify industry and agriculture on a world-wide basis; and if there is another world explosion, it will be for the same reason. Military organizations, financial and armaments empires do not provide the motives for war; they only provide the materials of war. War is made by the industrial world for agricultural reasons; for industrial countries cannot depend on domestic agriculture for an ample supply of food. They must look elsewhere for the fruits of the earth. If they cannot win farms by diplomacy, threats, or by agreement, they beat "plowshares into swords" and seek to gain their bread-basket by force of arms. The well-fed industrial countries live in constant fear of food shortages; it is this fear, rather than actual hunger, that makes them warlike.

Time and again Mr. Chew states and restates this thesis, yet now and then it becomes apparent in the book that he has had misgivings. If a war between Russia and the democracies should break out, will the cause be ideological differences, or Russia's "failure to establish a good working balance between farms and factories"? "At least we can say this," says the author, that "the latter fault will surely not be absent."

In his last chapter Mr. Chew admits that wars are of many kinds, and that presumably they must have many causes.

> It looks like oversimplification to bring all the varieties of war together under the food principle. . . . One formula cannot fully cover them all. But importance belongs to what all wars have in common, especially if this factor is historically new and powerful. Vital as a cause of modern international war, and usually also of modern civil wars, is the growing separation of industry from food supplies, as a result of which nations may suddenly begin to starve.

Mr. Chew's philosophical difficulties are like those of Marx and Engels. Productive relations explain wars,

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ideologies, and the rest of the "superstructure," they said. They found it necessary to admit that aspects of the "superstructure" may affect productive relations; there is action and there is reaction between what is on the bottom and what is on the top; but "in the long run" or "fundamentally" productive relations explain everything.

Why did Mr. Chew need to take on the burden of a monistic explanation of wars? Had he read several chapters of Professor Morris R. Cohen's "The Meaning of Human History," he would have seen that there is no philosophical need of a monistic hypothesis, nor is it possible to prove the truth of such a hypothesis.

While Mr. Chew fails to prove the theory that wars are caused by desire to acquire farm lands, his book does succeed in showing the need for a world balance between farms and factories. His facts and figures are dramatic and his analysis and arguments are clear and cogent.

How can reciprocity or balance between industry and agriculture be established? Mr. Chew suggests that a peace program calls for inducing agricultural countries not to hurry their industrial development, and thus, through self-restraint, avoid aggravating the fears and worries of the highly-industrialized "food deficit" countries. The agricultural countries should confine their own industrialization to agricultural processing, servicing, and transport. This would permit them to do a thriving agricultural trade, and at the same time the fears of hunger in industrialized countries would be allayed.

Few books published in the last few years make the need for a One World structure more patent than does this book by Mr. Chew. He describes the economic problem fairly enough, but his failure to consider the possibility of a political resolution of an economic difficulty sharply limits the value of his book.

Ideas and Studies.

It is ironic but perhaps natural that science, the discipline which has most fundamentally shaped contemporary life, is one of the last to receive adequate literary recognition. Such books as W. C. Dampier's "History of Science" have helped provide the intelligent layman with some notion of the scientific tradition. It is only in the last thirty-five years, however, that any attempt has been made to write definitively of science's evolution. "The Life of Science," reviewed below, is a collection of essays by the leader of the movement, the Belgian-born George Sarton. . . . Since the Twenties fiction writers have been exploiting the theories of Freud and Jung, but Roy Basler's somewhat pedestrian "Sex, Symbolism, and Psychology in Literature," which is reviewed here, is one of the first attempts to apply their approach to human conduct to the literature of the past.

Clinical Demonstrations on Four Poets

SEX, SYMBOLISM, AND PSYCHOLOGY IN LITERATURE. By Roy P. Basler. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 1948. 226 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HARRY LEVIN

IN spite of its title, this is neither a sensational nor a very pretentious book. Its introductory essay is a moderate plea for the interconnection of the four portentous categories that come together on the title page. The essays that follow are individual studies of works by two English and two American poets: Coleridge, Tennyson, Poe, T. S. Eliot. Texts of the relevant poems and sketches are also included; indeed, they constitute nearly half of a fairly short volume. Since his commentary is somewhat repetitious and oversimplified, the author's contribution does not bulk very large. However, it is helpful as far as it goes, and it goes just about far enough to span the distance between the hostile layman and the elementary student.

In an area where speculation has flown perhaps too high, Mr. Basler is a sturdy pedestrian. He disarms his readers by utilizing some of the best-known anthology pieces in the language for purposes of clinical demonstration. He has selected these examples shrewdly, with an eye to their manifest sexual content, beyond which he seldom attempts to penetrate. After all, it is neither difficult nor farfetched to underline the fragmentary suggestion of Lesbianism in "Christabel." The traumatic experiences that turn love to madness are registered quite explicitly in "Maud." The projection of fantasies and obsessions finds its textbook cases in Poe. And where is the theme of frustration celebrated if not in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock?"

Mr. Basler's "modern nonrational psychology" is a secular version of psychoanalysis, operating on an eclectic level where Freud and Jung mean almost the same thing. Of other psychoanalytic reseàrches or psychological theories, either Mr. Basler is innocent or else he keeps his readers in innocence. Malinowski and Frazier (*sic*), however they may disagree between themselves, are Mr. Basler's anthropological authorities. His method, though he calls it "explication," is not stylistic analysis; it is a running paraphrase, emphasizing the characters and emotions it encounters and translating the poet's diction into the psychologist's terminology.

To concentrate upon a single writing, while paying little heed to the writer and his other work, is justifiable in esthetic criticism. But, psychologically speaking, it is naive to assume that we can understand what motivates an artistic creation without understanding the motives of its creator. The significance of symbols cannot fully be determined except by the pattern they make against the totality of the artist's expression. The water-snakes in "The Ancient Mariner" make their comment on "Christabel," and "Locksley Hall" lends additional meaning to the Hall in "Maud." The recurrent imagery of exhumation in Poe or of drowning in Eliot—these illuminating associations are shut off by Mr. Basler's limiting approach.

Except for his subjective reading of "Ligeia," which parallel's Edmund Wilson's treatment of "The Turn of the Screw," Mr. Basler leaves scant room for argument. It may well be that, in psychological interpretations

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of literature, insight and common sense are inversely related: perceptive interpreters often read things into their subject matter, while sensible interpreters tell us things we already know. Mr. Basler's book, which is nothing if not sensible, will help to spread our knowledge if not increase it. But it will prove misleading if, in belaboring various straw men, it spreads the idea its author is a pioneer. To clamor for critical recognition of psychoanalysis — if Mr. Basler will overlook the symbolism— is to knock at an open door.

Harry Levin, chairman of the department of comparative literature at Harvard University, is the author of "James Joyce: A Critical Introduction."

Genesis of "Progress"

THE LIFE OF SCIENCE: Essays in the History of Civilization. By George Sarton. New York: Henry Schuman. 1948. 197 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

GEORGE SARTON is one of the few modern scholars of whom it can be said that he is not only the biggest man in his field, but that he also discovered it in the first place. In 1912 he began the publication of *Isis*, a quarterly journal devoted to the history of science. It is still, under his editorship, the principal periodical devoted to the subject. Subject? Perhaps one should rather call it a movement. Since 1912 the numbers of researchers treading on his heels have increased to such a pitch that no less than four more special journals are required to handle their output. Dr. Sarton also edits *Osiris*, wherein he prints material too lengthy and technical for *Isis*. Another journal, *Annals of Science*, publishes papers dealing with the modern period alone; and a further specialization is provided for by *Ambix*, which is devoted to alchemy and other early chemistry, and by the *Bulletin of the Institute of the History of Medicine* (Johns Hopkins)—the title of which is self-explanatory. This brief periodical list takes no account of the many recent series of books on the history of the sciences, or of separate works. Some of these are of encyclopedic dimensions.

And here again Dr. Sarton shines in the forefront. His "Introduction to the History of Science" is the most encyclopedic compendium of all; its scale is so vast that anyone who looks at the volumes which have already appeared will wonder what the history itself will be like, if they are merely the introduction to it. We are sufficiently familiar with cooperative projects that involve hundreds of scholars. This is one that could take centuries of time. Dr. Sarton illustrates the scope of his conception of the history of science by reminding his readers of the "Acta Sanctorum," the first volume of which appeared in 1643 and which is still in progress; and of the history of French literature, which beginning in 1733 and under the Academie des Inscriptions since 1807, has now reached the fourteenth century. Dr. Sarton's Introduction has also just reached the fourteenth century.

These magnitudes of chronology are more mysterious to the modern mind than our statistics of interstellar space. Perhaps Dr. Sarton's final achievement will be that of making us aware of the dimensions of science itself. In the nature of things it must be greater than the enumeration of the phenomena it has enabled us to control. Science approaches the problem of the unknown through what is already known, and the velocity of its progress is therefore proportionate to the knowledge mastered at any given moment. Dr. Sarton summarizes the process beautifully.

However, there is no pressing reason why the scientist should bear in mind the genesis of the discoveries which are now the data of his field of experiment. His interest in that part of the story is limited by the arduous character of the job in hand. An awareness of lines of inquiry exhausted by similar workers keeps him from repeating their mistakes; a familiarity with inquiries that have partially succeeded shows him, more and more accurately, where the truth lies. But with all these aids he must in the final analysis do his prospecting for himself. When so occupied he stands, from one point of view, upon the shoulders of the scientist who preceded him. From another he strides at the head of the human procession. The first is the workmanlike way of looking at scientific activity; the second is the spectator's. Why the scientist sometimes steps out of character and, beholding his function through both viewpoints simultaneously, fills the air with double-talk about everything on earth and in heaven—this is the particular mystery of the twentieth century.

We have reached the point where relatively small additions to our stock of scientific knowledge may have social effects which are of another order of value entirely. The atom bomb was an evolutionary development in the laboratories; its social impact was, and continues to be, revolutionary outside. Consequently the scientists who participated in that achievement are tormented by the contrast between the humanistic conservatism of their intentions and the mechanical radicalism of their results. In theory nations which can move or "progress" merely by taking thought, merely by peaceful experiment and investigation, need not shoot one another down to find more room. Nevertheless they shoot or bomb each other with the products of the scientist. He is caught in the middle; winners and losers of our horrible modern wars show an increasing tendency to blame him equally.

Apparently the fundamental humanism underlying his effort, together with his consequent claim for absolute freedom in which to carry on his self-appointed task, has not raised him safely above the political struggles of the hour. Whether he likes it or not he is in them, and up to his neck. The easy way out of this dilemma is to cut his connection with the past of science and with the future projected by it. If he is blamed as a partisan he may as well take the wages of partisanship. He may as well join the party of mechanical revolutionaries who place the highest current value on his research products. Where that party is in power he can serve it as a technician. Where it is not he can adopt its ideology.

Against this abandonment of science, Dr. Sarton, who knows more about its history than any man alive, has raised a barrier of books. The books say that progress in pure science became rapid because the value of discoveries was no longer judged by crowds or determined by those who led them, but was sifted by scientists themselves, by men who, as scientists, were free. By men who were maintained and encouraged in such freedom by the rest of us because we grasped the truth which precedes science itself; as men we are less than what we contemplate, and we are more than what we understand. Perhaps we have to teach this to the scientists again.

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Art and Architecture.

Most laymen make their first acquaintance with the great paintings of the past through large, eclectic anthologies such as Thomas Craven's "Treasury of Art Masterpieces" and Huntington Cairns's and John Walker's "Masterpieces of Painting from the National Gallery of Art." This year has seen the publication of a volume worthy to rank with them, "Great Paintings in America," reviewed below. Besides its reproductions, selected by Fiske Kimball, the volume is notable for its analytical text by the Italian scholar Lionello Venturi. Students and laymen seriously interested in discovering what makes a great work of art great will find elucidation in Bernard Berenson's "Aesthetics and History in the Visual Arts" (reviewed on the opposite page). In "Andrea Palladio and the Winged Device," James Reynolds beguilingly celebrates the work of a sixteenth-century Venetian whose influence on architecture continues strong to this day.

Pillars, Porticos, and Balustrades

ANDREA PALLADIO AND THE WINGED DEVICE. By James Reynolds. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 330 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by SIGHLE KENNEDY

"I LOOK for considered wall spaces wherein tall, wide windows let onto sweeping views of wooded countryside, mountain ranges, grass-floored valleys or the ever-changing sea. Living in houses is a state of mind." A way of life, "a state of mind" is the hero of Mr. Reynolds's book, rather than the architect (engaging though he is) who claims the title. We are made aware of this, too, in the subtitle—that unerring sign today of an enthusiastic author. The book is "a panorama painted in prose and pictures setting forth the far-flung influence of Andrea Palladio, architect of Vicenza, Italy, 1518-1580, on architecture from his own era to the present day."

Palladio brought to architecture the full spirit of the Renaissance, with Vitruvius, the great Augustan builder, playing Virgil to his Dante. His great achievement in architecture, like Dante's in language, was the development of a "classic" vernacular. Palladio's most significant contribution was to lighten, to make welcoming and at ease, Vitruvius's formal house-block. He usually effected this by spreading out two wings, straight or curving, from the sides of the house—his famous "winged device." As, one after another, nations in Europe and America grew aware of the drama and precision implicit in classical culture, they sought to make their own, not only the Virgilian-Dantean epic, but the Vitruvian-Palladian mansion. The great Whitehall banqueting house of the Stuarts, Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon, Thomas Jefferson's Monticello—all acknowledge their debt to this building arbiter from the city of the doges.

A Palladian house makes demands on any would-be owner. In the first place, its pillars, porticos, and balustrades are expensive—he must have a good deal of money. Also, he must be willing to endure drafts and chills to gain the splendor of its high rooms and corridors. (Dr. Johnson was plebeian enough to call one "a dank sepulchre, fit only for test of Samson's strength." He must be agile enough not to mind climbing the great flights of beautifully curving stairs, such a dramatic satisfaction to descend. He must be all of these things. But there are such people—very brilliant, vital people, and in telling their histories Mr. Reynolds's book achieves its real value.

It is strange to see this love for Palladian houses bringing together people so similar from so great a variety of countries. Mr. Reynolds's description of a young German builder-owner would fit equally well his counterparts in Italy, England, Ireland, or France. He was "amiable, of high integrity, a past master of wit and forthright conversation, whose convivial habits kept him continually low in cash." Each country housed in Palladian magnificence mysteriously unhappy women—La Malcontenta in Italy, the "Veiled Lady" of Galway, the imprisoned Electoress of Hanover. Just as spectacular was the procession of unconventional females who found in the dash of a Palladian menage a relieving affinity. Most appealing of these is Lady Louisa Conolly, owner of Castletown in Kildare—"immensely charitable, witty, loving scandal for its own sake and a notable trencherwoman." She so loved her house that she wouldn't live in it. "I do not get any idea of the beauty of my house if I live in it," she said. "I get perspective and contemplation if I can gaze upon the house from a far off." So she lived in a tent a few hundred feet away until she died of an ague caught in the rainy season—a martyr to Palladio!

Mr. Reynolds's book is indeed a panorama, amusing and vivid, if at times disheartening. So much brilliant failure! He is a beguiling apologist, however, for this "mighty carnival of pretend," and seems to speak for all his protagonists when he says of one: "We squander our lives. Houses store their beauty and power."

Sighle Kennedy is the assistant editor of Architectural Forum.

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"Young Woman with a Water Jug," by Jan Vermeer.

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—*Illustrations from "Great Paintings in America."*

Edward Manet's "In a Boat," from Havemeyer Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Seven Centuries of Masterpieces

GREAT PAINTINGS IN AMERICA. Selected and interpreted by Fiske Kimball and Lionello Venturi. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 217 *pp.* $20.

Reviewed by L. R. SANDER

THE albums of great paintings which book publishers offer usually please the layman more than they do serious students and practising artists. This anthology of 101 "masterpieces" now owned by leading American museums and collectors will gratify connoisseurs as well as laymen, for in their selections its editors have never underestimated the taste of the public and have furnished an informative and perceptive critical text, while the publishers have seen that the paintings were well reproduced in full color.

It is always possible to quibble as to whether an individual painting deserves a place in an anthology more than another, but it is undeniable that the editors have come up with a collection of paintings by eighty-three artists from twenty-five collections, public and private, faithfully representing seven centuries of painting. A number of the paintings have been reproduced in anthologies before, as is inevitable in any work employing the same selective criteria, but Mr. Kimball, director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, has used his connoisseurship and acquaintance with American collectors to ferret out a number that have seldom or never been reproduced in color for wide circulation.

Even those masterpieces that have grown familiar through frequent reproduction appear here in a new glory. The printer of "Masterpieces from the National Gallery" of two years ago here has recaptured the appearance of the originals as well as has ever been done in America.

All too often the text of a popular anthology is scarcely worthy of the works of art it is intended to illuminate. In this respect, "Great Paintings" is refreshingly different. In an introductory chapter, Mr. Kimball offers the layman some lucid and commonsense suggestions as to how to understand and enjoy paintings. Lionello Venturi, professor of art at the University of Rome and one of the world's foremost art scholars, provides commentary about each picture that will delight and instruct professionals and laymen alike. Printed on the page opposite the picture they describe, Mr. Venturi's notes are a happy compound of historical, biographical, and technical data that reflect the thoroughness of his own erudition and research. Thanks to his analysis and critique, when the reader, amateur or professional, studies the notes in order, he will obtain a comprehension of the main trends in the evolution of painting. It is Mr. Venturi's not inconsiderable accomplishment that the reader acquires the feeling that such moderns as Matisse and Picasso are the logical development of seven centuries of painting.

Humanist's Apologia

AESTHETICS AND HISTORY IN THE VISUAL ARTS. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 1948. 260 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by STUART PRESTON

FOR this admirable book, its author, the greatest living connoisseur of Italian painting, suggests as an alternate title: "My adventures as an art taster, thinker, and writer, as connoisseur, critic, and historian." Such an encyclopedic claim is justified in these two hundred and fifty pages, which contain the essence of sixty years of reflecting upon art problems, both historical and esthetical. Style, taste, the vagaries of appreciation, how art is anchored to the civilization that produces it—problems in these fields are never finally solved, but Berenson brings to his thrilling and persuasive discussions of them such a breadth of view, such immense learning, and such insatiable curiosity that the debt owed to him by those who love painting cannot easily be assessed. Breaking in on our disillusioned age, when discouraged and baffled art critics are resigned to unintelligibility as the price for freedom in the arts, this apologia of a great humanist is of transcendent importance.

To the critics and historians who treat art as a branch of metaphysics or psychoanalysis and are willing to plough through a mountain of documents rather than venture a qualitative opinion, Berenson will seem the original sinner. For this discerning scholar, who started reacting to works of art in the reign of Ruskin and Pater, still believes that the ability to make value judgments is the art critic's sole credential. For him, connoisseurship is a matter of intuition. Experience and enjoyment (or as he prefers to call it, "love") of a work of art must precede any investigations of its provenance or technique; much of the irrelevance and obscurity of modern art criticism merely masks an inability to feel. It is the peculiar value of this book that the vast number of judgments which compose it all spring from direct enjoyment of works of art. Here is no iron-cast system of esthetics but a series of sharply-reasoned conclusions.

Many are confined to a paragraph or even a sentence, which gives the book a somewhat aphoristic flavor. The author apologizes for the loose construction that results, but when the sparks he strikes from his mind are of such brilliance the reader will not complain. Here are some aphor-

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isms which, in more diffuse hands, could expand into an essay or a book: "When an artist becomes master of a material or a technique to the degree that it can no longer oppose any resistance, it ceases to inspire him." "Form is the life-enhancing aspect of visible things." "Self-satisfied incompetence on the part of the artist, complacent indifference if not enthusiastic approval on the part of the public, characterizes an ebbing civilization."

So closely packed are these pages that they must be read at least twice, not because the writing is obscure but because the specific gravity of the thought is so great. Chapters on such general topics as novelty, the esthetic moment, peripheral art, etc., are balanced by the historical sections in which the author puts his finger on primitive art, the role of Hellenism, national art, the proper chronology of art history. Such a book is impossible to sum up in a short review, but the skeleton of Berenson's thought seems to be something like this: Art history tells how art has contributed to the humanization of man, embodying as it does his aspirations and ideals. That it has standards of value is axiomatic; so is the fact that only man can discover them. They are accessible to intelligence and sensibility working together.

Berenson has isolated some of the standards by which he has judged works of art. High among these, readers will recognize Movement and Tactile Values, which first made their appearance in the author's "Florentine Painters" of 1896. He sticks to his guns and more than proves that they are not obsolete weapons.

Poetry. *When a mature poet can reconsider his youth in so satisfactory a poem as C. Day Lewis's "Sketches for a Portrait" it is a matter for congratulation. When a new woman poet like N. K. Cruickshank can successfully communicate experience, or a younger male like Henry McLaughlin contribute pith and humor, we are grateful, in a day when much is excessively mannered and a great deal is cryptic. These poets, apparently, say something to which we may well listen. Meanwhile there are several others discussed in this section. Masefield once said, "The days that make us happy make us wise," and poetry, as a fortunate art, at its best conveys wisdom, perhaps of all things that which is to be sought most eagerly. As Horace said, "Dare to be wise; begin!"*

Love Frustration and Self-Comment

POEMS 1943-1947. *By C. Day Lewis. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1948. 74 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD GRIFFIN

IT is typical of the confusion of the early Thirties that when Day Lewis's second book, "Magnetic Mountain," appeared, the mountain-image was construed severally to represent (1) Communism, (2) W. H. Auden, (3) the patriarchal principle in nature.

In "Poems" (which takes up where "Short Is the Time" left off) the mountains have been planed away to hills, to reflections in rivers, to trees. In the poem about the three buzzards the poet tries to indicate what "is beyond the hill," but the reader, seizing hints here and there, comes to the conclusion that Lewis is oppressed by the immanence of destruction, that the shadow of the birds of prey has tainted even his hereditary hills.

Although partly written during war years, these poems concern themselves little with that disaster. Love frustration and self-comment dominate the scene. When Lewis turns immediately to a war subject (as in "The Misfit") his touch falters. He shows more confidence in the tripping songs, among which "Minor Tragedy" is a bold example, full of speed and power. In its tight form it succeeds whereas some of the more extended attempts fail because of lugubriousness of tone or faults of irrelevance.

Common sense is a virtue not often associated with poetry. The reader finds it abundantly—and refreshingly—manifest here, however. Take the long, reflective, admirably controlled "Sketches for a Portrait," in which a mass of Lewis-imagery lies embedded: the forest, the mines, water-pictures. Tangential, suggestive, densely-conceived, this poem is one of the most revealing and impressive in the book. With easy sinuous prosody it makes its points, outlines roughly the past, describes the difficulties of adolescence. Discursiveness and philosophic asides do not really mar its integrity. Here Lewis addresses his alter ego, becomes a Rip talking to himself as he was twenty years ago, before the change wrought by the excellent Hollands. Above all, exactness of word-reference and emotional analysis characterize this poem. The obsessively worked-out electricity metaphor of some of the earlier poems is reduced in "Sketches for a Portrait" to a mere reference to "the closed circuit of the electric hare." Never digressive, this oblique attempt at autobiography does manage to fuse, in a masterly way, the marine, mineral, and arboreal worlds. In "The Christmas Tree," as

Σεμναι Θεαι

By John Heath-Stubbs

THE green-haired Furies of the spring unleashed
Have risen for me beneath the cherry-trees—
Soft-bloomed by the wise river flowing
Through the doomed meadows . . .

Or in dark streets beneath no riding moon
They lift their reptile thongs to drive me on
From closing bar and the yellow circle of light
To seek the terror in the dingy room—

(As the winged god, the midday nightmare falling,
The woman-faced bird out of a cloudless sky,
Possessed the wayfarer)

—Until I wake
To hear them through the white and stealthy dawn
In the shrill tongues of thrushes
Telling to Finsbury Park their tale of grace.

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well, Lewis animates his subject with a magical reverence.

It is, indeed, good to see that Lewis has abandoned his jerry-built revolutionary schemes and turned his attention to aspects of nature, to flowers and statues, to the peculiar inadequacies of married love.

Optimist & Observer

A WIND IS RISING. By John Black. New York: Fine Editions Press. 1948. 48 *pp.* $2.72.

THE QUESTING SELF. By Ruth Russell Davis. Detroit: Alved of Detroit, Inc. 1948. 54 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

JOHN BLACK is that rare man among modern poets, an optimist. With boundless bardic energy, with a Whitmanesque bluster, he invites the world into his generous arms. It is this vitality of the prophet that lifts Mr. Black's poetry over the margins of sentimentality. Too often, however, his enthusiasm slips into the bathetic, as in:

> O harmony of earth that rolls me round,
> I could go mad with thy translucent swell.

His portrait of the American Salesmen puts the Whitman barbaric yawp to good purpose, and we enjoy the caricature of the royal pedlar of the Pullmans:

> No singer he, himself a song for singing
> Himself, a song, lusty, full throated, free.

Would that our more gifted bards had some of John Black's faith in his fellow men, and some of his joy in life's daily encounters.

Ruth Russell Davis is a Michigan newspaperwoman who finds release for her altruistic spirit in lyric poetry. Her most ambitious poem, "Raboni Why?," considers the eternal problem of man's inhumanity to God and man through the emotions of Martha and Mary. The poem is compassionate, at times eloquent. The end of the poem is a devotional editorial, and suffers from the poet's intrusion.

Mrs. Davis is a better observer than craftsman. Her ideas are fresh, her choice of images often unusual. In "The Hour Glass," she finds an original facet for one of our oldest symbols. In her eyes, you cannot stop the movement of the sand in the glass no matter what you do. You are in the glass. You are the sand, and:

> grain by grain you will fall
> in the fast noiseless rhythm of time.

Motley Trio

SONGS & VERSES. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann. 1948. 56 *pp.* $2.50.

IN THE TOWER'S SHADOW. By N. K. Cruickshank. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 55 *pp.* $1.75.

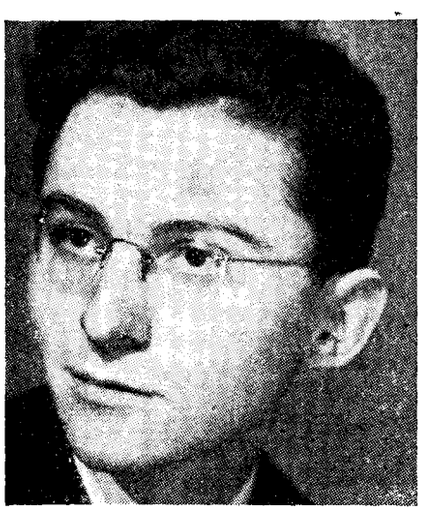
TENSIONS. By James Schevill. Berkeley: Bern Porter. 1947. 37 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

ELIZABETH GOUDGE'S "Songs & Verses," with its bright, two-color cover and tasteful title page, may make "a perfect gift for any occasion" (as the publisher says), but for whom? I should say for anybody who is not seriously concerned with poetry; the serious reader of poetry will at once recognize the warmed-over quality of what Miss Goudge does. The marks of many original poets of the older generation are on these verses: Stevenson, Tennyson, De la Mare, Browning, Chesterton, Hodgson, Masefield, Stephens; the themes are theirs — childhood, forest mystery, crumbling castles, the out-of-doors (English), and the tone is theirs, watered down—sentimental, "whimsical."

Where Miss Goudge is a novelist whose verses are incidental, Miss Cruickshank is clearly a poet dedicated. This poet has her own moments of illumination and, by the sincerity and intelligence with which she seizes upon them, she succeeds in communicating nothing less than experience. Lines that stand out possess their own authority; and I admire such complete poems as "Death-History." This is poetry for, and by, the mature.

James Schevill believes, he writes, "in a social, an objective poetry, particularly as it concerns the relationship of the individual to the society he lives in . . . for it is not the skeletons of fact nor the shadows of imagination that fail in quantity nowadays but a unity of these two." Now, surely "social" poetry is not the same thing as "objective" poetry. Nevertheless, Mr. Schevill is one of the serious new American poets who are alive today in more than a chronological sense. Only the future will disclose whether he can fight his way out of the "social" world, tangled in its perishable ideologies, with the sword of his not inconsiderable imagination (tempered against the edges of our experimentalists). Meanwhile, "Tensions," if it does not achieve unity, does convey the tensions out of which such unity may eventually be born.



"The designation 'metaphysical' is wearing thin but it cannot be withheld from Henry McLaughlin."

League's Choice

WHERE THE MOMENT WAS. By Henry McLaughlin. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 73 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RAY C. B. BROWN

CARELESSLY tossed upon the shoulders of such disparates as George Herbert and Henry James, the "metaphysical" designation is wearing thin of late, but it cannot be withheld from Henry McLaughlin, whose slim book of poems is the 1948 choice of the League to Support Poetry. In an introduction Alfred Kreymborg speaks of his "blending of the sensuous and the spiritual," and refers as well to "the attack on his Creator which is bold and pure and humble." These are good keys to his heart. This young man of Manhattan, who died before he was thirty, felt shy about his poetry, and the manuscript sheaf was unrevised and chronologically uncertain.

Lacking a finished reworking, his verses have the edginess of a fresh-cut gem, the roughness of an assonance that could have been a consonance, the bite of a cryptic metaphor. His humor is of the Celtic kind, insinuant and pervasive; his seriousness impingent and startling; his mystical awareness of the border between the real and the immaterial a wavering line. His phrases have pith, and he seldom hovers over a word, as in "The Old Man of Ballagh":

> What are the old men singing
> On the heel of the wind?
> Why are the old lads crying
> For all they have sinned?
>
> Quick, bid them be silent,
> Wipe the old tears from their eyes
> Now they are white as the sheep
> What need have they to be wise?
>
> Another pipe will do them
> And another clean shirt:
> It's soot of the fire in their eyes
> And no common dirt.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The New Frontier

MAN'S abode, the vast circle of the globe, is no longer an infinite expanse, with undiscovered and remote regions of fertility. The two thousand million people who inhabit it for the remainder of human existence must, with the exception of certain tracts in South America, live on charted and known lands. The knowledge that there are few new frontiers and Eldorados left has given the economic and political revolutions and wars which have darkened this century part of their impetus and their increasing violence. In Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet" and William Vogt's "Road to Survival" we have had eloquent and detailed warnings of the rate at which the world's arable soil is flooding through the rivers that drain continents until it is engulfed by the surrounding oceans. Other agronomists and writers are now denying the validity of their arguments, or minimizing the extent and the immediacy of the danger that threatens mankind, on the assumption science can come to the rescue in time. Like some cosmic catastrophe the Second World War not only caused death and destruction but left the surface of the world as well as its people immeasurably poorer. But men and women dying in wars and famines are soon replenished, so that it is likely there are more hungry two-legged creatures alive today than ever before.

In the vehemence of the cold war which has grown increasingly bitter since the United States assumed its present status as the leader of the Western nations, we are in danger of forgetting that the conflict is primarily economic. Russia's appeal to the millions in the Near East and in Asia is overwhelming, since it is based on ownership of the land by the men who till it. Our own gifts of food and money, of arms and military advice to the governments in power are as nothing compared to the magnetic attraction of the ownership of land to the disinherited and starving masses. In over half the world, most of the land, if it is soil worth cultivating, on which a profit can be made, does not belong to the peasant who breaks his back and his wife's to cultivate it. The land belongs to the landlord, and the governments that are in power are there to see that it remains in his hands. Unfortunately, we have been forced into the position of maintaining and strengthening governments that have inherited this ancient evil.

The results of this policy, which in the past may have been impossible to avoid in the urgency of Communist pressure and threatened revolution, have been tragically and swiftly illustrated in the brief time since what was called the Truman Plan was announced. All of Manchuria and nearly all of Northern China have now fallen to the Communist armies. As the immediate result of Israel's brief and victorious war of liberation the Near East from Iran to North Africa is beginning to burst into revolutionary flames. In Egypt the contrast between wealth and poverty has been intensified by the slow awakening of the peasant to the simplest realities of the modern world, and in the Arabian countries by the almost fabulous increase in the wealth of a few overlords who own the vast deposits of oil that have been discovered beneath the burning sands and under the shallow seas.

Seventy-five years ago Henry George was considered a dangerous radical when he said, "The squalid poverty that festers in the heart of our civilization, the vice and crime and degradation and ravening greed that flow from it, are the results of a treatment of the land that ignores a simple law of justice, a law so clear and plain that it is recognized by the veriest savages. What is by nature the common birthright of all has been made the exclusive property of individuals; what is by natural law the common fund, from which common wants should be met, is given to a few that they may lord it over their fellows. And so some are gorged while some go hungry, and more is wasted than would suffice to keep all in luxury." His eloquent words apply today to almost half the population of the world. All of our costly efforts to bring back life and prosperity to Western Europe and the billions that we are expending elsewhere will amount to no more than a poultice applied to a mortal wound unless we recognize that the landless and starving peasant is at the root of the evil that is consuming the world.

IT IS simple to dramatize this dilemma. *The New York Times* published some months ago a picture of a Kansas wheatfield stretching to the horizon, harvested and stacked by a handful of men driving gigantic combines. On the opposite page was a picture from North Africa, once the granary of the Roman Empire, of a lean field of wheat with a crowd of pitiful, ragged men and women pulling the thin stalks by hand.

These illustrations cried out, not for charity, but for seed, fertilizer, agricultural training schools, and modern machinery. Two years ago one of history's ironical jests was provided by

Litany of the Lost

By Siegfried Sassoon

IN breaking of belief in human good;
In slavedom of mankind to the machine;
In havoc of hideous tyranny withstood,
And terror of atomic doom foreseen;
Deliver us from ourselves.

Chained to the wheel of progress uncontrolled;
World masterers with a foolish frightened face;
Loud speakers, leaderless and sceptic-souled;
Aeroplane angels, crashed from glory and grace;
Deliver us from ourselves.

In blood and bone contentiousness of nations,
And commerce's competitive re-start,
Armed with our marvellous monkey innovations,
And unregenerate still in head and heart;
Deliver us from ourselves.

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the Englishmen who had to go to Ireland to get a square meal; to that once desolate island where a century ago the absentee English landlord owned the land, and millions died of starvation or fled across the Atlantic to America.

It is always dangerous to attempt to simplify complex political and economic situations. Nevertheless, it is apparent that we may have been putting our money on the wrong horse, that we have given no enduring or compelling answer to the source of Russia's power to bring revolution to countries where the masses are disinherited peasants. The modern plow and harrow, with a tractor in front of them, may be better symbols of the future than armies equipped and trained by this country and a revived middle class. With our wealth, our mechanical ingenuity, and our knowledge of scientific agriculture, with the pressure we can apply to obdurate and medieval governments, which would collapse when our aid was withdrawn, we might hope to promise more to the millions whose only outlook is misery, toil, and death by starvation than can all of Russia's slogans. The impoverished land itself can be made the new frontier of hope. If this be revolution, let it come! But let it be guided by the Western world, so that it may bring with it freedom, and the other almost forgotten benefits promised by the Atlantic Charter, by virtue of which the world had the right to assume we fought and won the war.

—H. S.

Bookmarks

William de Morgan's "Joseph Vance," published in 1906 (and still in print), was written as of 1895 or thereabouts, and chronicled events that occurred during much of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It took considerable dexterity to operate a time-machine as involved as that, but De Morgan did it agreeably—much of the charm and durability of the story is owed to the *cheu fugaces* sachet that scents every page.

Projection into the past, however, has its pitfalls, and these usually add to, rather than detract from, the pleasure of reading—it is fun to catch an author out, provided he is not too far out. Early in the story Joe Vance says:

> I pondered deeply on this, as it seemed to me what it is the slang nowadays to call a large order.

Actually, "large order" was well established at least eleven years before this (or twenty-two years, depending on whether one chooses the date of fictitious or of actual composition). The Oxford English Dictionary cites an example from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 1884 which closely parallels De Morgan's own method of hedging the phrase about:

> That is, to employ an agreeable piece of slang, a very large order.

Again, Joe Vance declares (with "this date" signifying a point in the 1870's):

> At this date the useful word ructions had not appeared in the language.

Well, if Joe Vance had had the OED handy, he would have found "ruction" cited as far back as 1825; he would have found Samuel Lover writing, in 1831: "It was in the time of the 'ruction," and the apostrophe and the context make clear the derivation from "insurrection." Joe would also have discovered a Lancashire election song of 1852 which told of

> Four hundred dirty vagabonds
> All ready for a ruction—

which goes nicely to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

* * *

One longs occasionally, in this inflated era, for one of those Victorian novels in which a fine old county family goes completely bankrupt with the collapse of Sudanese Development, Ltd., and has to get along thereafter on thirteen servants, three broughams, and a cellarful of off-year port.

* * *

We were surprised to find, in "Death of an Author," by John Rhode (whose real name is Street), an ancient English yokel saying "radio" instead of "wireless." Did he really say "radio," we wonder, or did an American editor put it in his mouth? The former, we imagine, judging by other Anglicisms that have not been altered. Probably the old fellow lived near an American airfield a few years back.

* * *

Words that Shakespeare used only once, if we have scanned John Bartlett's concordance to any purpose, include: *accrue* ("Henry V," ii,1), *Adriatic* ("Taming of the Shrew," i, 2), *aerial* ("Othello," ii, 1), *Aesop* ("3 Henry VI," v, 5), *Aetna* ("Titus Andronicus," iii, 1), *afloat* ("Julius Caesar," iv, 3), *aground* ("The Tempest," i, 1), *almond* ("Troilus and Cressida," v, 2), *almshouse* ("Henry V," i, 1), *America* ("Comedy of Errors," iii, 2), *anchovies* ("1 Henry IV," ii, 4), *andiron* ("Cymbeline," ii, 4), *annals* ("Coriolanus," v, 6), *antipathy* ("Lear," ii, 2), *antiquary* ("Troilus and Cressida," ii, 3), *architect* ("Titus Andronicus," v, 3), *askance* ("Taming of the Shrew," ii, 1). For uniquities involving letters B to Z, inclusive, consult this department in 1952 ff., maybe.

* * *

Compiling a concordance must be one of the easiest jobs in the world. The only requirements are half a dozen complete texts of the author to be concorded, several years of unimpaired health, three or four complete changes of spectacles, infinite patience, a moderate income from some other source, and ten million three-by-five cards.

—J. T. W.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Nothing is too good for our boys."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Doctor Faustus" Schoenberg?

SIR: In his novel "Doctor Faustus" [*SRL* Oct. 30] Thomas Mann has taken advantage of my literary property. He has produced a fictitious composer as the hero of his book; and in order to lend him qualities a hero needs to arouse people's interest, he made him the creator of what one erroneously calls my "system of twelve tones," which I call "method of composing with twelve tones."

He did this without my permission and even without my knowledge. In other words, he borrowed it in the absence of the proprietor. The supposition of one reviewer, that he obtained information about his technique from Bruno Walter and Stravinsky, is probably wrong; because Walter does not know anything of composition with twelve tones, and Stravinsky does not take any interest in it.

The informer was Mr. Wiesengrund-Adorno, a former pupil of my late friend Alban Berg. Mr. Adorno is very well acquainted with all the extrinsic details of this technique and thus was capable of giving Mr. Mann quite an accurate account of what a layman—the author—needs to tell another layman—the reader—to make him believe that he understands what it is about. But still, this was my property and nobody else's.

I learned about this abuse by chance: I received a magazine, containing a review of "Doctor Faustus," wherein the twelve-notes composition was mentioned. Thereafter, Mrs. Alma Mahler-Werfel told me that she had read the book and was very upset about his using my "theory," without naming me as author, while he includes many living persons—Walter, Klemperer, etc., not as fictitious, but as real people. I have still not read the book itself, though in the meantime Mann had sent me a German copy, with a handwritten dedication, "To A. Schoenberg, dem Eigentlichen [the real one]." As one need not tell me that I am an "Eigentlicher," a real one, it was clear that he wanted to tell me that his Leverkuehn is an impersonation of myself.

Leverkuehn is depicted, from beginning to end, as a lunatic. I am now seventy-four and I am not yet insane, and I have never acquired the disease from which this insanity stems. I consider this an insult, and I might have to draw consequences.

When Mrs. Mahler-Werfel discovered this misuse of my property, she told Mann that this was my theory, whereupon he said: "Oh, does one notice that? Then perhaps Mr. Schoenberg will be angry!" This proves that he was conscious of his guilt, and knew it was a violation of an author's right.

It was very difficult for Mrs. Mahler-Werfel to convince him that he must do something to correct this wrong.

Finally I sent him a letter and showed him the possible consequences of ascribing my creation to another person which, in spite of being fictitious, is represented like a living man, whose biography is told by his friend Serenus Zeitblom.

One knows the superficiality and monomania of some historians who ignore facts if they do not fit in their hypotheses. Thus I quoted from an encyclopedia of the year 2060, a little article in which my theory was attributed to Thomas Mann, because of his Leverkuehn.

Much pressure by Mrs. Mahler-Werfel had still to be exerted to make Mann promise that every forthcoming copy of "Doctor Faustus" will carry a note giving me credit for the twelve-notes composition. I was satisfied by this promise, because I wanted to be noble to a man who was awarded the Nobel Prize.

But Mr. Mann was not as generous as I, who had given him good chance to free himself from the ugly aspect of a pirate. He gave an explanation: a few lines which he hid at the end of the book on a place on a page where no one ever would see it. Besides, he added a new crime to his first, in the attempt to belittle me: He calls me "*a* [a!] *contemporary* composer and theoretician." Of course, in two or three decades, one will know which of the two was the other's contemporary.

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir: . . . Arnold Schoenberg's letter both astonished and grieved me. Our personal correspondence on this matter had been of a thoroughly friendly character in all its phases. Not so long ago, when I sent him the English edition of "Doctor Faustus" with my appended statement, the maestro thanked me cordially with an air of complete satisfaction, so that I was led to believe that the "Leverkuehn Case" was settled and disposed of. Now I regret to learn that it not only continues to annoy him but actually irritates him increasingly, although he still has not read the book.

If his acquaintance with the book were not based exclusively on the gossip of meddling scandal mongers, he would know that my efforts to give the central figure of the novel "qualities a hero needs to arouse people's interest" were neither limited to the transfer of Schoenberg's "method of composing with twelve tones," nor was this characteristic the most important one. Quaintly enough, he calls this technique his "literary property," though actually it should be called a musical system that has long since become a part of our cultural pattern, used by countless composers throughout the world, all of whom have tacitly purloined it from its originator. The universal dissemination and the wide employment of this technique are the very factors underlying the basic error of which I accuse myself. I sincerely believed that every child in our cultural area must at one time or another have heard about the twelve-tone system and its initiator, and that no one on earth, having read my novel, could possibly imagine that I was its inventor or was trying to pose as such. This opinion of mine, I must say, was confirmed by many Swiss, German, Swedish, and, more recently, French reviews of the book, in which Schoenberg's name was quite casually mentioned. It was he himself who enlightened me with respect to my error. Serious misunderstandings, he informed me, would result from my book, unless I did something about it. Everybody except him, he said, kept receiving credit for his creation, and, if he knew anything about the breed of musicologists, they would attribute his theory to me a hundred years from now because I had developed it in

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my novel. His contemporaries, he added, were withholding so much from him that he had, at least, to guard his name and fame for posterity.

His concluding word moved me, no matter how absurd his apprehension seemed. It is quite untrue that it required "much pressure" to induce me to give him due credit. As soon as I understood his concern I gave instructions to include in all translations, as well as in the German original, the appended statement which now appears in the English edition of "Doctor Faustus." It was intended as a bit of instruction to the uninformed, and I worded it as objectively as possible. "Take note," it says in effect, "there is a composer and music philosopher living among us, whose name is Arnold Schoenberg; he, and not the hero of my novel, is the one who, in reality, thought out the twelve-tone composition method." The statement does not raise the question who is whose contemporary. If Schoenberg wishes, we shall, all of us, consider it our greatest and proudest claim to be his contemporaries.

As soon as I had received the first copies of the German edition I sent him one with the inscription: "Dem Eigentlichen ["To the real one"]. It meant: "Not Leverkuehn is the hero of this musical era; you are its hero." It was a bow, a compliment. I have always addressed Arnold Schoenberg, the uncompromising and bold artist, with the utmost respect, in personal contact as well as in my letters, and I shall continue to do so.

The idea that Adrian Leverkuehn is Schoenberg, that the figure is a portrait of him, is so utterly absurd that I scarcely know what to say about it. There is no point of contact, not a shade of similarity, between the origin, the traditions, the character, and the fate of my musician, on the one hand, and the existence of Schoenberg, on the other. "Doctor Faustus" has been called a Nietzsche-novel and, indeed, the book, which for good reasons avoids mention of Nietzsche's name, contains many references to his intellectual tragedy, even direct quotations from the history of his illness. It has also been said that I had bisected myself in the novel, and that the narrator and the hero each embraced a part of me. That, also, contains an element of truth—although I, too, do not suffer from paralysis. But it has not occurred to anyone to speak of a Schoenberg-novel.

Instead of accepting my book with a satisfied smile as a piece of contemporary literature that testifies to his tremendous influence upon the musical culture of the era, Schoenberg regards it as an act of rape and insult. It is a sad spectacle to see a man of great worth, whose all-too-understandable hypersensitivity grows out of a life suspended between glorification and neglect, almost wilfully yield to delusions of persecution and of being robbed, and involve himself in rancorous bickering. It is my sincere hope and wish that he may rise above bitterness and suspicion and that he may find peace in the assurance of his greatness and glory!

THOMAS MANN.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

NEW EDITIONS

PANTHEON BOOKS deserves congratulations on the start of The Novel Library, a series of attractively designed, well-printed volumes, bound in decorative boards, small and light in the hand, reasonably priced at $1.75 each. The first six titles—"Emma," by Jane Austen, Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae," Tolstoy's "Resurrection," Gorki's "The Artamov Business," Balzac's "Cousin Bette," and Maupassant's "Bel-Ami" (the French and Russian originals newly translated by Eric Sutton, Kathleen Raine, Alec Brown, and Vera Traill)—give promise of a collection that will prove both charming and valuable. They also well represent a half dozen of the novel's protean forms. Jane Austen's domestic comedy, pitched in her special key of polite and amiable satire; Stevenson's dark romance, charged with hate, bloody with sword play, and out of hand at the last; Balzac's peculiar blend of social history and melodrama, fortified by his ability to grasp the character of an age or a group as well as that of an individual; Tolstoy's mighty grappling with the moral problems of Nekhludov; Gorki's lusty and symbolic three-generation chronicle of the rise and fall of a Russian family of small-town manufacturers; Maupassant's icily detached but amused narrative of Georges Duroy's immoral and unchecked upward progress—all these are admirable examples of the very different uses to which first-rate novelists may put their talents in the free field of their art. To be sure, faults and virtues mingle in four of the six books; but perfection is a rare flower, and freedom from flaws is seldom characteristic of the greatest fiction.

Even the famous masterpiece of Maupassant's master gets off to a dubious start. Indeed, I think Flaubert's use of the first person plural in the opening pages of "Madame Bovary" (now in the satisfactory Rinehart Editions, 65¢) is indefensible, since he never returns to this point of view, and could not have had he wished to do so. Once launched, however, the tale of Emma Roualt and Charles Bovary is a very model of construction and narration. The same cannot be said for Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" (Rinehart Editions, 75¢), for its beginning and middle are far better than its somewhat languid ending, and it is often untidy along the way. But the story of Ernest Pontifex's education—so justly celebrated some thirty years ago—is packed with the meat and humorous salt of Butler's hardy, nonconformist's mind; and it is still capable of proving an exciting discovery to readers who come on it for the first time.

Gerald Warner Brace tells the story of another young man's education—a New England education, this time—in "The Garretson Chronicle" (Grosset, $1.49), and it, too, is well worth reading, for it is the work of a sincere novelist of genuine ability, even if it is not the masterpiece some reviewers have insisted it is. Ralph Garretson's history, like Ernest's, trails off. I think it is fair to say of it what Overton's father said of old Mr. Pontifex: "Judge him according to any very lofty standard, and he is nowhere. Judge him according to a fair average standard, and there is not much fault to be found with him."

There is considerable fault, however, to be found with the curve plotted by Louis Bromfield's novels from 1924 to 1947, a graph that may be read plainly in "The Green Bay Tree" (Grosset, $1.49), "Possession" (Grosset, $1.49), "What Became of Anna Bolton" (Bantam, 25¢), and "Colorado" (Grosset, $1). But Farmer Bromfield has grown in stature as the novelist has slickly dwindled, and the writer who once gave his best to his novels now gives it to his praise of husbandry and the good earth. In Erskine Caldwell's case, on the other hand, there has been no such compensation. Talent shows itself, of course, in such tragic-comic strips of Southern life as "A House in the Uplands" (Signet, 25¢) and "The Sure Hand of God" (Grosset, $1), but it is talent that has been largely exploited and wasted.

Scribner's has published a handsome edition of Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" ($6.50), sympathetically illustrated by Daniel Rasmusson; and "All the Girls We Loved," by Prudencio de Pereda, who has learned from Hemingway without yet rivaling him, is another Signet Book (25¢). So, too, is "The Old Man," which shows William Faulkner's narrative power in full spate and unperverted.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

THE BOUDOIR VS. THE KREMLIN

As "Red Gloves"* makes painfully clear, a good subject no more guarantees an interesting play than good intentions pave the way to heaven. In his latest drama to be produced here, a drama known as "Les Mains Sales" in Paris and "Crime Passionel" in London, Jean-Paul Sartre is writing about the ironies of loyalty. More particularly, he is writing of the strange turns in fortune which can overtake those who have given their allegiance to the Communist Party.

He approaches his theme impartially. He is neither Red-baiter nor pro-Communist. He is concerned with two victims of expediency; two men whose standing in the Party changes with the Party's own shifts in policy. One of these men, a hardened and accomplished revolutionary, is a local leader in a Middle European capital. After he has been liquidated for favoring a coalition with reactionary forces, a policy then alien to Moscow's plans, he is canonized as a hero. The other man is a capitalist's son who has joined the Party because of his misplaced idealism. Though honored as a martyr when assigned the job of murdering the leader, he is dishonored as an assassin and led off to be shot when the Communists have obtained power on precisely the terms advocated by the dead leader.

So far, so good as a theme. And more than good when an actor of Charles Boyer's skill is called in to impersonate the Communist leader. Mr. Boyer is blessed with the kind of personality which is in itself a script. As Hoederer he makes this clear again and again. That he resembles the older and disillusioned Mussolini only adds to the sense of power he communicates. The charm which was his in such films as "Mayerling" and "Algiers" is still present. But other qualities are there, too; unsuspected ones. Among these count a toughness of spirit, a remorselessness of will, and an iron authority which, with any aid from M. Sartre (or for that matter from the director, the translator, or the other actors), could prove irresistible dramatically.

There has been a lot of talk, including some hot and scuttling telegrams from M. Sartre in Paris, about the alleged changes made in Sartre's text for the American production. Those who have read the play in the original, or seen it either in London or Paris, assure me that these changes, though they do exist, are for the most part minor matters. They mainly involve cuts and that unpredictable shift in emphasis which comes from the strength or weakness of performers, rather than from any deliberate derailing of M. Sartre's intentions. How true this is, I do not know. I can judge only on the basis of what has been seen and heard in New York. With that evidence in mind, my conviction is that M. Sartre's play—in Paris or in London—was never any good; that, indeed, it is as dull and synthetic a phony as has so far been written about one of the greatest and most tantalizing themes of our times.

In fairness to M. Sartre several allowances must be made. Seldom has a translation from the French remained so unmistakably a translation as Daniel Taradash's. Although his dialogue does not get around to having any of the characters say, "This is the umbrella of my aunt," it does seem at any moment on the verge of having one of them proclaim, "This is the copy of 'Das Kapital' of my uncle."

If the speech as turned into English is more filled with embalming fluid than life, the production itself, except for Mr. Boyer's brilliant playing of Hoederer and Francis Compton's capable performance of a princely politico, also has about it the rigidity of death. No one would guess from the wooden Indian quality of the direction that Jed Harris was responsible for it. Nor is it easy to understand why certain of the actors were chosen for the parts they play or why, having been chosen, they should be allowed to play them as they do.

AMONG those disastrously miscast is Anna Karen, who,as a tough revolutionary moll in the prologue and epilogue, is nearer to Elizabeth Arden than the barricades and given to flutier tones than are ordinarily released even in the elocution classes of our fancier dramatic academies. Joan Tetzel, a very charming and gifted actress when correctly employed, is no more fortunate in the silly part of the rich young revolutionist's wife. In this supposedly dialectical drama about Central Europe she is as out of place as a copy of *Mademoiselle* would be in the Kremlin.

More serious is the fact that John Dall proves as unhappy in the key role of the young revolutionist as he was happy in "Dear Ruth." That the

—*Vandamm.*

Charles Boyer, Joan Tetzel, and John Dall—"Only a Frenchman would have such a boudoir approach to Karl Marx."

** RED GLOVES, a play by Jean-Paul Sartre. Adapted by Daniel Taradash. Directed by Jed Harris. Settings by Stewart Chaney. Costumes by Emeline Roche. Produced by Jean Dalrymple. With a cast including Charles Boyer, John Dall, Joan Tetzel, Francis Compton, Royal Beal, Anna Karen, J. Anthony La Penna, Guy Thomajan, Horace McMahon, Jesse White, and Martin Kingsley. At the Mansfield. Opened December 4, 1948.*

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Directed by ELIA KAZAN
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BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

part is not an easy one, no one can deny, for the young revolutionist is a Marxist who for once is as indecisive as Hamlet. As the leader's new secretary and chosen assassin, he is condemned to going about in a state of great perturbation, fingering a hidden revolver, which, whenever he can summon his courage, he is duty-bound to empty into the leader. Mr. Dall solves the problem chiefly by looking as if he were an American collegian abroad who, on a very rough day, had prepared himself for a Channel crossing by dining on green apples.

The real blame, however, for the emptiness, the absurdity, and the dulness of "Red Gloves" must fall, and fall squarely, on M. Sartre's guilty head. "The Respectful Prostitute," though nothing more than a guignol masquerading as a serious study of a lynching in the Deep South, could at least claim the virtue of being a thriller-diller which thrilled. Although it relied on more melodramatic tricks than Sardou ever knew, and was both cheap and tawdry as a serious writer's handling of a tragic situation, behind the footlights it was without question spine-twisting. In spite of falling back on some of these same devices, and once again employing a loaded revolver as a means of playing "Button, button, who's got the button?" with the audience, "Red Gloves" leaves the vertebrae undisturbed even as, for the most part, it leaves the mind untouched.

ONE trouble with "Red Gloves" is that M. Sartre insists upon entering the Kremlin through the doors of the *Palais Royal*. The Hammer and Sickle ends up in his Gallic mind by having become nothing more or less than the eternal triangle. His confusion of Communist cell life with the cozier cell life dear to the Messieurs Dumas *fils*, Augier, Lavedan, Bataille, Brieux, Bernstein, *et compagnie* is as laughable as it is disastrous. Only a French-

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man, it seems safe to say, would have such a boudoir approach to Karl Marx. Only a Frenchman would have had his young revolutionist shoot a Communist leader, not because the Party had ordered him to do so, but because he had caught his wife in the arms of that leader.

Having demonstrated his ability to deal with ideas in such plays as "No Exit" and "The Flies," it is a pity that M. Sartre should so fail the fascinating ideas which lie behind the ironical dilemma of "Red Gloves." The Communist mind is his subject—that mind so inhuman in its logic, so frigid even in its fanaticism, so naked in its opportunism, and so proud of its lack

Monument

By A. M. Sullivan

IT was a mischievous wind that pushed him; a murderous gust
that jarred young Jan from the scaffold.

He teetered and swayed a hundred feet from the river over
weirs of iron and concrete.

Jan clawed at the wind but the assassin slipped through his
fingers and raced down the catwalk.

Jan reached for a cloud, for the horizons' thin line, for the
wing of a gull that leaned on the air.

The river paused at the cofferdam, fumed at the gorge, and
boiled through the tunnels of iron,

And a thousand men at their jobs saw a shadow that
brushed the wires and rigging around them.

Jan fell like a tumbling mallard, splashed in puddles of concrete,
a spine of steel in his liver.

Jan's hat was a trophy of thieves, tossed and spun in gullies
of air, white buttons dancing in sunlight,

But Jan was smothered unseen in a vomit of stone that poured
from the lip of the flume,

And the lime in his bones was one with the lime that came from
the heart of the mountain.

Water and blood were welded to stone as the breath of Jan
rose high in a rainbow bubble,

And the bubble burst with the loosened spirit that raced from
darkness hardening around him.

The rigor of death was matched with the rigor of stone ere they
found Jan's hat by the river.

Rivers have flown by the tombs of the kings; the Nile, Euphrates,
the Tiber, Yangtse, and Thames;

No king has a tomb so great as the tomb of Jan who was hurled
from his throne by knaves of the wind.

Rich is Jan in the vastness hovering about him, the starry vault
of the hills, the cool lake pressing against him.

No ghoul shall enter his tomb for the Union card, the pocket
knife, and the new St. Christopher's medal.

No roar of the water in the turbines shall rouse King Jan
in the solemn depth of his slumber

No wail of the ghosts in the windy gorge shall probe to
the ears that are sealed with the weight of a stone,

His mouth is gagged with the silence till the blast of a
trumpet high on the ledges of heaven

Pounds the tombs of the world into dust and loosens the dust
of Jan who sleeps with his back to the river.

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of sentimentalities. It is M. Sartre's subject precisely as it was Arthur Koestler's in his powerful and unforgettable novel "Darkness at Noon." Where Mr. Koestler, however, illumines that mind with its strange loyalities and surrenders, M. Sartre leaves it largely unexplored. His melodrama is to Mr. Koestler's book what an eye-dropper is to Niagara.

Surely nothing about the odd world in which we find ourselves is odder than the voluntary abandonment of identity, personality, choice, mind, will, and spirit that Communists make, and cheerfully make, to become and remain Party members in good standing. To those who have tasted liberty, this abdication of it in the alleged interest of securing it for all is as saddening as it is incomprehensible.

"There are only two conceptions of human ethics, and they are at opposite poles," says the Communist interrogator to Rubashov, the fallen leader in "Darkness at Noon." "One of them is Christian and humane, declares the individual to be sacrosanct, and asserts that the rules of arithmetic are not to be applied to human units. The other starts from the basic principle that a collective aim justifies all means, and not only allows, but demands, that the individual should in every way be subordinated and sacrificed to the community—which may dispose of it as an experimentation rabbit or a sacrificial lamb."

The cleavage between these two concepts is the greatest and most terrible truth of our time. No division in history has been so global in its reach or menacing in its possibilities. None has been more clearcut or dug deeper into fundamentals. Our present lies under its shadow. So does our future. Certainly it is too big a theme to be squandered on so little and poor a play as M. Sartre's "Red Gloves."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Remembrance Rock." 2. "Picture of Dorian Gray." 3. "The Razor's Edge." 4. "Bridge of San Luis Rey." 5. "Where the Blue Begins." 6. "Trader Horn." 7. "Buried Alive." 8. "The Little Foxes." 9. "The Stars Look Down." 10. "Androcles and the Lion." 11. "The Semi-Detached House." 12. "Lost Horizon." 13. "An Affair of State." 14. "The Egg and I." 15. "A Streetcar Named Desire." 16. "Hound of the Baskervilles." 17. "The Good Earth." 18. "The Grapes of Wrath." 19. "The Bishop's Mantle." 20. "A Certain Rich Man." 21. "The Gathering Storm." 22. "The Trial." 23. "War and Peace." 24. "Bright Feather." 25. "The Flowering of New England."

The Film Forum

THE FOREIGN FILM (2) — *The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

ENGLAND

THE OVERLANDERS

Produced by Ealing Studios, London. Starring Chips Rafferty. Written and directed by Harry Watt. Camera: Osmond Borradaile. Music: John Ireland. Available from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. (87 min.)

16mm. film users can now rent a picture which, though highly praised by the critics, was so slighted by exhibitors that few have ever had a chance to see it in the theatres. Yet in the history of the movies it will surely stand with "Grass" and "The Covered Wagon" as an epic of human achievement on the world's frontiers.

"The Overlanders" tells the story of the great trek across Australia when a thousand head of cattle were driven 2,000 miles down from the Northern Territories, threatened by Japanese invasion early in 1942. The story is a simple one, and the acting too is simple—naive, in the opinion of many brought up in the lilac-scented atmosphere of Hollywood pictures. But "The Overlanders" is essentially tough, tough in a kind of elemental way which makes the average Western look like a Noel Coward drawing-room comedy. It is dominated by the figure of Chips Rafferty, a tall and muscular figure of immense strength who, as leader of the drive, lashes his little team of helpers along with loud-mouthed oaths and with the force of his own relentless example.

The real heroes of the film, however, are the cattle themselves. Month after month they plod onwards, driven along a few miles each day, dying of disease, climbing mountains and falling headlong from the crest, creeping across the pitiless desert where water-holes are often several days apart. In recording all this, and in painting a picture of the great Australian interior, the camera of Osmond Borradaile has succeeded marvelously. Many sequences are breathtaking in their excitement, and are reinforced by a powerful orchestral score from the pen of John Ireland. This film puts Harry Watt in the front rank of film directors of the outdoors.

FRANCE

ZERO DE CONDUITE
(ZERO FOR BEHAVIOR)

A film written and produced by Jean Vigo. Available from Cine-Classic Films, 117 West 48th St., New York, N. Y. (51 min.)

Jean Vigo produced only two films that were at all widely seen before he died in poverty at the age of twenty-eight. His life was a continual struggle to get financial support for his own uncompromising view of what film should say, which fell into none of the popular art styles of his time.

"Zero de Conduite," which has had a profound effect on other film makers, cannot perhaps be recommended for general screening any more than Auden's poems for general reading, and for the same reasons. It will be enjoyed by all who have felt that the film still has vast unrealized powers of expression, and are interested in seeing them put to use to penetrate the strange thoughts and behavior of children. Vigo here follows the arrival of a new teacher at a boys' school, and involves himself in the turmoil and rioting which surround the school's principal, a dwarflike creature much smaller than the boys themselves.

The film has no continuity in the ordinary sense. It moves from scene to scene with a logic of its own, viewing the antics of the elders through the eyes of a child. There is the master who creeps around corners peering into the children's lockers looking for candies to steal; the walk through the town which goes faster and faster until the kids can scarcely keep pace with the teacher; and the famous pillow-fighting sequence in which the slow-motion camera is used with marvelous imagination.

Many will be bored and even repelled by Vigo's film; but there will always be a discerning few on whom it will cast a haunting spell akin to that of Alain Fournier's "The Wanderer" ("Le Grand Meauline").

LE FIN DU JOUR
(THE END OF THE DAY)

Directed by Julien Duvivier. Starring Michel Simon, Louis Jouvet, Michele Morgan, and Victor Francen. Available from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

This film has all the characteristic strengths and weaknesses of the director of "Carnet du Bal" ("Life Dances On"), "Pepe le Moko" (which was remade in Hollywood as "Algiers") and "The Great Waltz." The plot has insufficient purpose to make this a great film, but it contains nevertheless many shrewd and warm characterizations.

Duvivier takes us to an old actors' home in France, whose occupants have passed out of the limelight into obscurity. The former matinee idol clinging to the remnants of his charm, the actor who feels that he has never had a break, these and many other familiar figures are to be found in a film which stars many names that are famous in the French cinema.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N Y.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

DOUBLE ENTENDRE

WITH Noel, Noel ringing madly in our ears we've been trotting around town scaring up the French Commissioner for Tourism, and the chairman of the British Tourist and Holidays Board, both of whom were in New York before Christmas buying nylons. We cornered Henri Ingrand, the Frenchman, in an office in Rockefeller Center, where he told us he was here as president of the European Travel Commission, an organization seeking a unified means of implementing the Marshall Plan, a weighty task if ever we heard one. He's a small man who wears dark suits and dark ties, has gunmetal hair, severe eyebrows, and chain-smokes cigarettes which he sticks in the upper left-hand corner of his mouth and never removes until they are butts. It's an old French habit. To us he seems a man of suppressed power and energy, and we could easily fancy him spitting in the eye of a Gestapo interrogator, an act for which, literally or figuratively, he has been responsible. He organized the underground groups called "Combat" and "Ceux de la Résistance," was twice captured, twice escaped to form a guerrilla army of 15,000 men and women.

We reminded M. Ingrand that two years ago, when we first interviewed him in New York, he was looking for a suit and so were we. Well, time heals all shortages. He got his suit, we got ours, and as a matter of fact we're still wearing it. This year, he says with some partisan favor, he is looking for very little in New York because now you can find everything in France. Two years ago Mme. Ingrand asked him to bring home stockings. Now you can get even stockings in Paris. He's bringing some home anyway, nylons, natch, and cigarettes.

Of all European industries, M. Ingrand told us, tourism got on its feet quicker than any other. The tourist industry will bring the quickest return to the Marshall Plan, he says, and economic cooperation leads to social understanding. In behalf of this belief M. Ingrand was in Norway in June, in Algeria and Tunisia in May, in Switzerland and Belgium during the summer. From New York he will proceed to Geneva, by which time, at year's end, in accumulated mileage he will have circumnavigated the world twice. Outside of Paris there is no place in the world he would rather live than New York, a statement which he insists he made to us without reference to his sense of chivalry. The nervous atmosphere of activity in New York suits his personality just fine. When he hasn't been here for a long time he develops a certain nostalgia for the city. "*J'ai toujours la nostalgie de New York quand il y a longtemps que je ne suis pas venu,*" was the way he put it. He loves to walk the streets. He loves the ninety-three-foot Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center ("Oh, *il est mag-ni-fique!*"). He loves to let the atmosphere "just take me."

As a world traveler M. Ingrand says with some authority that New York is a city in which it is hardly possible to get lost. It is not, however, a city where one can necessarily stay out of trouble by the normally inactive process of minding one's own business. On his first visit to New York, when he stayed at the Waldorf, M. Ingrand, as is the European custom, put his dusty shoes outside his door. When Philippe de Croisset, his agent-general in the United States, called for him the next morning M. Ingrand was standing in the foyer of his suite in his stocking feet. The Waldorf traced the missing shoes to an utterly insular porter who was cleaning the halls the previous night, and threw them out. Fine thing for a man who likes to walk, says M. Ingrand, who since has put up at the Ritz.

WE CAME upon Sir Alexander Maxwell, M. Ingrand's opposite number in Great Britain, on the opposite side of a luncheon table at Danny's Hideaway, a newsmen's hangout on East 45th St. "Simply astounding, these American menus," was Sir Alexander's greeting to us. "I don't know where to begin." A gentleman of ample proportions who has no apparent difficulty with an English menu, Sir Alexander is silver gray and balding, given to dark suits and dark ties, starched collars, and a gold chronometer. He was staying at the New Weston, as is his custom, where he has never lost a pair of shoes in his life. The Atlantic crossing that brought him ultimately to Danny's Hideaway was his ninety-seventh, including a trip from Liverpool to Halifax in a wartime convoy which took eighteen days. He has traveled by sea and by air, gets seasick and airsick, and is considering walking over the next time. The only remedy that has ever helped him is Kwell's, a piece of intelligence we felt in the name of humanity we ought to pass along.

Sir Alexander will spend thirty-five days here, or about double the average stay of American travelers in England. He is looking forward to "a damn interesting time. I suspect I shall also learn something. I always learn something." The education of Sir Alexander Maxwell will take

Sir Alexander Maxwell—". . . it's the starch . . ."

Henry Ingrand—. . . and "*la nostalgie . . .*"

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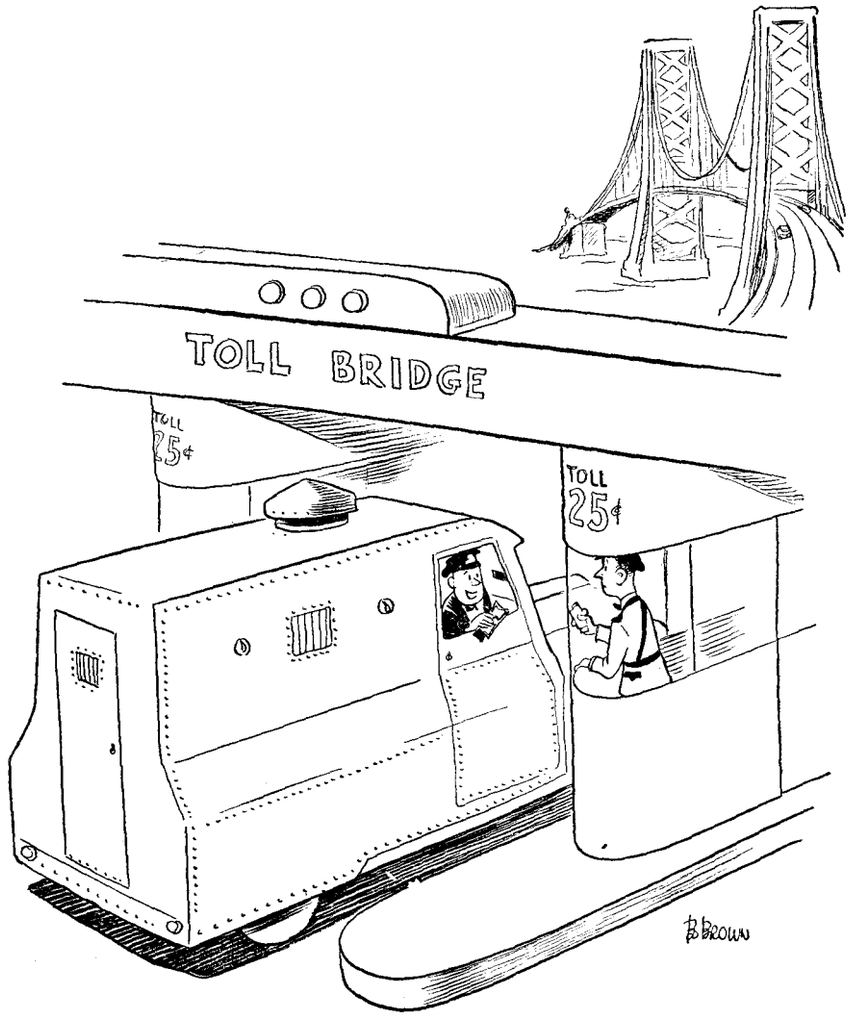

"The smallest we have is $1,000."

place, for the most part, in Hollywood, where he is spending the holidays. He expects to see Alexis Smith, Dusty Anderson, Martha Raye, Chester Morris, and Danny Kaye, all of whom were recently in England.

Besides American stars, Sir Alexander is partial to American nylons, American baseball, and American dollars. Although he disclaims ever having bought a pair of stockings in England, he will take back a bundle of nylons for Britain when he returns. "There is no question what comes first with British women," he says.

He hasn't seen a cricket match in years, but he professes a passion for baseball. "Once traveling in Virginia I got straight off the train and went straightaway to a baseball game before I had even been to my hotel." As for American dollars, Sir Alexander hopes they will come over this summer in the pockets of traveling Americans. Over 100,000 Americans and Canadians visited Great Britain in 1948, an increase of forty per cent over 1947. To Britain it meant an income of $160,000,000, her largest export. For 1949, Sir Alexander says he can see 130,000 Americans visiting Britain, but he'll be disappointed if the figure doesn't go even higher.

Americans, Sir Alexander thinks, will be agreeably surprised with the service in English hotels. "It is far above American standards," he says. "In America, when you come back to your hotel room after an evening at the theatre, the empty glasses and cigarette ends are just where you left them. You'd never see that in a West End hotel. Your room is always cleared and your bed turned down."

While there is plenty of food in Britain, Sir Alexander says the country suffers from a lack of variation. "You get sick of the same thing —fish and chicken mostly, and I'm sorry to say I think the chicken is very often rabbit." His office, however, has received very few complaints from Americans about food in England. "And I am myself, of course, a very poor advertisement for Britain's austerity program," says Sir Alexander patting his proportions. "It's the starch, you know."

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

TIME WAS AWAY. By Alan Ross. Illustrated by John Minton. London: John Lehmann. 1948. 21s.

Two Englishmen, a writer and an artist, have turned out what is called a "notebook in Corsica." It is a closely integrated, intensely colorful series of sketches by both parties, of France's island 160 miles south of the Riviera. Mr. Ross strives for mood and achieves it often, but he never misses reporting social, political, and even tourist facts. Eight of Mr. Minton's sketches are reproduced in full color, and there are a number of poems in the back of the book. In spite of the novel format it is definitely recommended for anybody including the island (now forty-five air minutes from Nice) in his summer's itinerary.

YOSEMITE AND THE SIERRA NEVADA. Photographs by Ansel Adams. Text by John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1948. 132 pp. $6.

By this time everyone knows Ansel Adams, a man who spends most of his time shooting pictures in Yosemite National Park. The book is a collection of sixty-four of his finest photographs embellished with a number of selections from the works of John Muir which have long since been read and reviewed. The photographs, all out-of-doors, unfettered shots, are reproduced on good coated stock. The back of the book contains a catalogue of conditions under which each of the pictures was taken. For the interest of amateurs and professionals this includes type of camera, lens, filter, type of film, and developer—everything, in fact but the disposition of the darkroom manager.

INTRODUCING WASHINGTON, D. C. By Clara Bishop MacIntyre. Washington: Anderson House. 1948. 72 pp. $3.

For those going cherry-blossoming in April, or bustling down for the Inauguration, Mrs. MacIntyre has compiled a thin volume of information, much of it little known. Anybody can find the Washington Monument, but did you know a G-man finishes the tours of the FBI building by shooting a paper man full of holes? And the Lilliputian with the most winning smile can usually have the target. The list of restaurants and hotels, seems to me, would have been more useful if there were some indication of price. There's a map with location key in the back, and a number of pictures exceptionally well reproduced.

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THE NOVELIST DEALS WITH CHARACTER

(*Continued from page 8*)

writer must harbor a murderer inside him.

Empathy can be described as a process of "projection" or "introjection"; both are metaphors referring to the experience of partial identity between the subject's mental processes and those of another, with the resulting insight into the other's mental state and participation in his emotions. Empathy becomes sympathy when to this mental resonance is added an active desire to collaborate and help. Needless to say, such partial identifications may be mixed with sexual attraction, hatred, or other emotions.

In short, the "living image" of other people in us is not a photographic or phonographic image. It is not a mechanical reproduction of the original in a memory trace. The memory trace should rather be compared to the work of a caricaturist, who concentrates on significant detail, combined with that of an emotional artist, who disregards detail and is only concerned with his subjective experience of the model, based on the projection of his own thoughts and emotions into it. In other words, the images of *real people* in our memory are not as different from our images of *fictional characters* as we generally believe. The two kinds of traces differ according to the quality of the experience which caused them, and have different labels attached to them. The psychological processes which relate experience, trace, and reproduction are essentially the same for both, and from the standpoint of psychology "real" and fictional experiences only differ in degree, not in kind. This fluidity of the boundaries becomes manifest in dreams and in pathological states where no distinctions are made between people met in the flesh or through the medium of fiction, and there is furthermore good evidence for the assumption that in early childhood the distinction is equally vague.

Some authors give meticulous descriptions of the visual appearance of their characters; others give little or none. The trend in modern literature is towards the latter technique. This is due partly to the law of growing implicitness, that is, to the tendency to let the reader build up his own image of the character with the aid of a few significant hints; and partly, it seems, to the realization that the reader's image of a character, even if very vivid, is of a mainly nonvisual nature, and that no amount of descriptive accounts of golden hair, violet eyes, acquiline noses, rosy complexions, and so on, can alter this fact. There are people endowed with the faculty of eidetic imagery, that is, of really *seeing* mental images with dreamlike or hallucinatory vividness; but this faculty, though frequent in children, is relatively rare in adults. The average adult does not really *see* an image when he recalls it from memory, although he takes it for granted that he does; at best he sees some characteristic detail, which deputizes for the whole, while the rest of the image is of the cloudy but nevertheless selective nature I have previously described.* One can catch up on a person who fallaciously believes that he "sees" a remembered person X, by asking him such questions as: "What kind of trousers is X wearing? What kind of hat? What has he got in his breast pocket?" and so forth. If real *seeing* took place, the subject could answer promptly, as if reading the answers from a picture. What usually happens, however, is that the subject, stimulated by the question, will "fill in" the detail which previously he did not see at all, that is, he will conjure up a new hazy image and fit it into the previous void.

If this is true of our images of real people, it is, of course, much more true of our images of fictional characters, where even the original sensory impression is lacking. A character may be "alive" with the utmost vividness in the reader's mind, but this vividness is not of a visual nature. The reader may fall in love with the hero, shed tears over his misfortunes, and get palpitations when he is in trouble—and yet be unable to visualize him in his mind's eye or give a detailed description of his appearance. When we say that we "see" a character, we really mean that we have an intensely vivid conception of certain aspects of him—for example, his manner of moving, of behaving in a given situation, of a gesture or inflection of voice. When a novel is made into a film and the hero suddenly takes visual shape on the screen, this comes to most people as a shock; they feel that this is not how they imagined him—though they would be unable to say how exactly they did visualize him. And though they lack a concrete optical image, they are convinced that if they met, say, Anna Karenina in the street, they would recognize her at once. And this is probably true, paradoxical as it seems. It is the same kind of paradox as that of the room where "something has been changed" or of the woman who has "done something to her hair," that is, we are able to recognize but unable to reconstruct. And our ability to recognize is again based partly on sharp, significant detail, and partly on the operation of a number of selective patterns or filters: for example, I may imagine Karenina as resembling somebody I have known, or as carrying a particular kind of muff, and so forth.

Thus, contrary to our belief, the dim, unfocusable visual aspects are only one factor, and frequently one without great importance, in our mental representation of a fictional character. Its trace in us is of a much more complex nature, a mental field

* The technique elaborated by Jaensch and his school makes it possible to decide experimentally whether a subject really sees an image (as, for instance, we see afterimages after looking at the sun) or, whether he only believes that he "sees" it.

YOU Can See!

Have you read the *ink print* anthology of contemporary blind poets, entitled: THEY SING IN THE NIGHT. Your gift of $1.50 or more will bring a copy of this cloth-bound book, and provide encouragement and inspiration for these sightless shut-ins. Address: BRAILLE POETS' GUILD, INC. Box 245 Taunton, Mass.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 288

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 288 will be found in the next issue.

D TLVB VFBMWLFLVP LV

WKB CLOVW DWWOLEXWB RC

D JRRA FOLWLF.—G. O. IRTBII.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 287

Better put a strong fence 'round the top of the cliff, than an ambulance down in the valley.

—JOSEPH MALINS.

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in which many processes converge. Scenes from the hero's past have, through partial identification, become part of our own experience and have enabled us to predict how this or that event will affect him. The attractions and revulsions which his past acts produced in us have crystallized in a general attitude to him, as to a real person. His idiosyncrasies, his background, fears, and hopes have become an integrated part of our own experience. In their ensemble all these factors form that fine-meshed selective filter which rejects anything inconsistent with our conception of the character, and enables us to recognize Karenina in the street without knowing what she looks like.

Thus, while our images of real people are influenced by affective factors and are based largely on the process of projective empathy, our images of fictional characters are entirely due to them, for in the second case the mind has no other sources to draw upon. To know what Hamlet feels in a given situation is the same thing as to know what it feels like to be Hamlet. We have to project ourselves into Hamlet or Hamlet into ourselves, which amounts to the same thing; namely, an act of self-transcending identification. The image of a hero in us is a phantom fed from our own mental sources. The artist objectifies some aspects of his experience in the creation of a character, and the reader re-creates the character out of *his* own experience, using the text as a catalyzing agent.

The character will be potentially the more alive, the more generally valid the artist's experience, and the deeper it reaches down towards the common archetypal roots. Its actual aliveness and vividness for the individual reader depends on the extent to which he is capable of identifying himself with it. This is true regardless of whether the reader admires, despises, pities, or loves the character. For in order to love or hate something which only exists in a series of signs made in printer's ink, these signs must be endowed with a phantom life derived from the reader's own ego. It is this act of self-transcendence which is at the basis of, and the vehicle for, all subsequent emotional attitudes towards the character, which has been split off the reader's individuality like Minerva budding out of Zeus's head.

Arthur Koestler, Hungarian-born newspaper correspondent, critic, and novelist, is author of "The Yogi and the Commissar" and "Thieves in the Night." This article is drawn from his book "Insight and Outlook," to be published next month by Macmillan.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
ASSORTMENT OF CONCERTOS		
BEETHOVEN, PIANO CONCERTO IN E FLAT (Composed age 14.) O. Frugoni; Pro Musica Orch. Paul Paray. Vox-Polydor 647 (3)	Recorded in France. Good tonal range and liveness (for small orchestra). Piano is excellent — usual European naturalness. Surfaces A.	Authentic. Recently restored from B. manuscript, piano part with indications for simple orchestration in B's hand (orig. parts missing). A simple but most interesting piece — revealing B's genius undeveloped. 2nd mvt. is best.
BARTOK, CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA (1943). Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner. Columbia MM 793 (6) *LP*: ML 4102 (1)	A splendid recording for this type of music. Adequate concert-hall resonance, sharp highs for instr. color. Astonishing dynamic range, notably in LP version.	A work of major importance, like most late Bartok, surprisingly easy to listen to. Varies from furiously dissonant to gracefully Viennese. Lots of humor, enormous energy.
CIMAROSA, OBOE CONCERTO (arr. Benjamin). Mitchell Miller; Saidenberg Little Symphony. Mercury DM 6 (2 10")	More of the Mercury live-studio-distant-mike technique, with fine results. Oboe was 30 ft. from mike. Wide range; soft, rounded ensemble effect.	A tasteful little synthetic concerto in post-Handel manner (4 mvts. beginning slow) arr. from keyboard sonatas of Cimarosa. First-rate playing; velvety oboe.
PIANO CONCERTO NUMBER TWO—FROM ENGLAND		
LISZT, PIANO CONCERTO #2 IN A. Malcuzynski; Philharmonia Orch. Susskind. Columbia MM 777 (3)	Ah! That superior European piano recording again. Still it continues more realistic, less percussive than most of ours. It's helped by customary heavier bass (low turnover) in Eur. recording. These make ideal concerto recordings. Liszt is fuller, heavier than the Chopin, piano seems a bit better—but probably purely a musical difference.	One of Liszt's more introspective (hence better, less often heard) works, quite unshowy. "Motto theme" harmonies become bit too persistent, as heard throughout.
CHOPIN, PIANO CONCERTO #2 in F. Malcuzynski; Philharmonia Orch. Kletski. Columbia MM 776 (4)		Could be a "definitive" recording of this youthful Chopin with its meager orchestra, personalized (unconcerto-like) piano part.
SAINT-SAENS, PIANO CONCERTO #2 IN G MINOR. Moiseivitch; Philharmonia Orch. Basil Cameron. RCA Victor DM 1255 (3)	In England Victor (HMV) and Columbia are same company — this is similar to above with same orchestra, maybe same recording equipment. Again, fine piano, orchestra.	The impeccably romantic Saint-Saens! A masterpiece of skilful large-scale concerto writing and as unaccountably dull as most Saint-Saens.
RACHMANINOFF PIANO CONCERTO #2 IN C MINOR. Cyril Smith; Liverpool Philharmonic, Sargent. Columbia MM 774 (5)	Technically best to date on this sometimes muddy work, but not as good as above. Piano could be more massive. Acoustics decidedly too dead for the type of music.	Why didn't Moiseivitch do this one! His is still best version, though years old. This rates next best, I'd say. A bit too British.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

AND THEY LOOK STRAIGHT AT YOU

LOST are the wild and golden eyes
Of caged and pacing cats,
And pelicans, and cockatoos
Beneath outlandish hats.

Lost, lost, the sunken, jeweled eyes
Of fish in glassy seas:
But children watch you steadily
From further lands than these.

—JOAN AUCOURT.

* * *

Although the Soviet Union tried with all its strength to prevent the General Assembly's acceptance of the Declaration of Human Rights, which Mrs. Roosevelt has steadily put forward (because in that document the rights of the individual are considered paramount, and such a premise a totalitarian state can never permit!), still, with eight abstentions, the Assembly approved the measure by forty-eight votes to none. "Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression." Everyone also has the right to protection against unemployment, the right to join trade unions, the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of his family and himself. The declaration meant *everyone* "without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property or other status, birth or national or social origin." But the declaration is enforceable upon no nation. Mrs. Roosevelt thinks it is "probably the most important thing done by man for many years from a moral and spiritual point of view." So do I. May the light of this great document spread and grow.

By way of contrast, on Saturday, December 11, 1948, on the top of the front page of *The New York Sun*, appeared an AP wirephoto which should gain the award for the year's most significant photo. It showed a sweet-faced little girl at the City Auditorium in Macon, Georgia, wearing a miniature Ku Klux Klan costume, save for the mask to the high hood. Behind the little girl stood appalling masked figures, both women and men —for 150 women were inducted into the Klan that evening! The caption above the picture was the perfect caption, "Only the Child Goes Unmasked." I congratulate the *Sun* on that caption, for the picture was also carried by the *Star* and doubtless by other papers.

At Christmas time we think of the Christ Child, and this photograph of horror in our own beloved United States of America sickens the heart. Here are presumably rational, adult people taking part in a ceremony where they are either afraid or ashamed to show their faces. Only the child's face may be shown, for the child is innocent. The child knows nothing of white supremacy, of racial discrimination, of sorties to instil terror, of the burning of fiery crosses for the same purpose, of the horrible trail of prejudice and plain murder that smears and defaces parts of the United States we love and honor. The child goes unmasked. Its small hands are clasped in front of it, its face is trusting. It is, however, powerless. Its natural trust and good will have been grossly and deliberately betrayed. Behind it stands, rank on rank, the cold, stupid, heartless, and silent array of mature mass hatred. It is something to think of, on the Day of the Child, and for the New Year.

* * *

OUTGOING

Before lending a book, says Emily Post, be sure to write your name and address in it in a large, bold hand.—*News item.*

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For, be your friend of either sex,
The *libris* still may turn up *ex.*

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

FAN MAIL

Of all the smart newspaper boys
The columnist makes the biggest noise.
He ably represents, I guess,
The full pow-wower of the press.

—EDITH GARFIELD BLANCHARD.

* * *

What was ever a greater boon to American childhood than the magazine *St. Nicholas*, first edited by Mary Mapes Dodge? Henry Steele Commager has, with the assistance of his own children, done a great piece of editing in "The St. Nicholas Anthology," which bears an introduction by May Lamberton Becker, long a member and now an alumna of *The Saturday Review* staff. Here is one of Frank Stockton's marvelous fantastic stories, "The Griffin and the Minor Canon." (Do you not know "The Bee Man of Orn and Other Fanciful Tales," one of the most delightful books in the world?) Here is Joel Chandler Harris. (The other night I found another Joel Chandler Harris fan in the poet Raymond Holden, who also remembers Frank Stockton's "The Adventures of Captain Horn" with an agreeable thrill.) I was brought up on Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer B'ar and the Tar Baby and Daddy Jake and Drusilla and Sweetest Susan and Miss Meadows and De Gals and all the rest of them. One of the things that impressed me

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHERE'S MR. CHUMLEY? *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.25)	English curate's strange disappearance first interests local parties, then Scotland Yarder Gidleigh, who quietly unearths some chilling matters.	Excellent suspense item, with good background, lively characters, believable detective, and outcome that may dawn early but is tragically right.	High-grade British
AND THEN CAME FEAR *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2)	Fatal slugging of Parisian poet near rookery full of odd fish presents Comissaire Dax and Brigadier Norman with problems difficult and exotic.	Variety of strange people—normal and otherwise—and colorful *vie de Bohême* background are more interesting than plot, which, however, is sound enough.	Adequate
GONE TOMORROW *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Unprofessional professor Cy Hatch investigates forewarned shooting of another pedagogue, and, with wife Jane, encounters exciting situations.	Radio-activity and "benevolent dictator" play leading roles in murderous Manhattan plot efficiently smashed by perceptive criminologist and attractive spouse.	Agreeable

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about the late Don Marquis when I first met him was that he had been assistant to Mr. Harris on *Uncle Remus's Magazine*. And *there* was a Georgian, the snap-bean sage, the man who made the whole Negro race lovable, the man who wrote the wonderful and wistful plantation songs that I got by heart when I was young. I am glad to see that Eatonton, Ga., his birthplace, has recently paid him honor. A Negro chorus sang "the sadly beautiful melodies of 'Uncle Remus' " and hundreds visited "Turnwold," where Harris learned so many stories. *There* was a great, kindly, warmhearted Brer Rabbit of a man who was an ornament and a glory to the state of Georgia, the state today of the Ku Klux Klan!

There are so many of the great of my youth in this *St. Nicholas* anthology: Palmer Cox, Howard Pyle, Kipling, Bret Harte, Riley, Ralph Henry Barbour, Gelett Burgess, Sidney Lanier, Oliver Herford, and Frances Hodgson Burnett (spelt "Francis" in the table of contents). "Sara Crewe; Or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's" is here in its entirety. But, though one certainly can't have everything, I miss "The Lakerim Athletic Club" by Rupert Hughes, and a marvelous serial of Australia called "The White Cave." And some of John Bennett's inimitable silhouettes and rhymes, and some of the cheerful cats and Aztecs of J. G. Francis. How about Allen French's "The Junior Cup," illustrated by B. J. Rosemeyer, and those drawings of Fanny Y. Cory's and Cleveland Moffett's "Careers of Danger and Daring"; and do you remember Carolyn Wells's "Sir Marmaduke Mars," beginning

Sir Marmaduke Mars was audacious,
A brave grenadier,
A fierce fusilier,
A warrior bold and pugnacious,
A mettlesome, mad musketeer—

She almost touched W. S. Gilbert in that dashing ballad.

But enough! I guess the truth is that Mr. Commager will have to compile a sequel anthology. As it is, this one is a peach!

—William Rose Benét.

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*Accurate expressions have been *slightly* changed to fit the limits of space.

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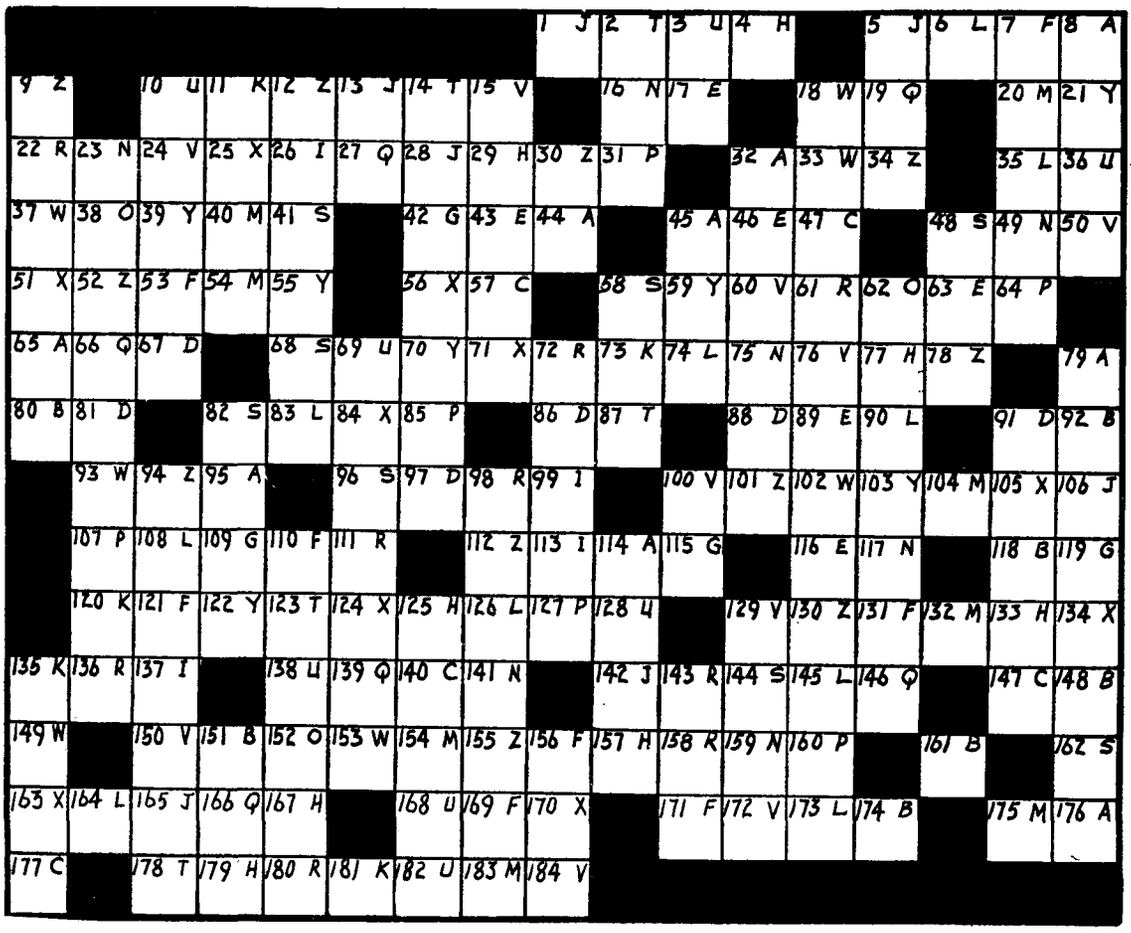
F. First Roman public library, founded by Augustus, built A. D. 80.	169 110 171 156 53 7 121 131
G. A river nymph (class. myth.).	115 42 109 119
H. Promoting growth; nourishing	77 133 157 167 179 29 125 4
I. Deliverer of Israel from the Moabite yoke (Bib.).	99 113 26 137
J. American woman sculptor (1821-1915; Sumner in Harvard Square).	5 165 13 1 28 106 142
K. Important Australian representative in the UN.	11 120 73 135 181
L. Kind of door lock used for security, with a spring bolt (2 wds.).	90 83 164 108 74 145 173 126 35 6
M. Opera by Ponchielli, based on drama by Victor Hugo (with "La").	40 154 183 20 54 104 132 175
N. To transplant seedlings to rows in the nursery (2 wds.; forestry).	141 75 49 23 159 16 117
O. One of the movements of a suite (music).	152 62 38
P. Principal posts at foot of straight staircase, etc.	160 85 107 64 127 31
Q. English composer, at one time living in the U. S. (1863-1934).	146 166 27 139 66 19
R. Historical play by Edward Bulwer-Lytton (1839).	72 158 180 111 22 61 143 136 98
S. Characterized by extreme delicacy.	48 96 162 41 58 144 68 82
T. Appellative of a universal monarchy supposed to be prophesied in Daniel (Bib.)	178 123 87 14 2
U. Algonquian Indians on whose mythology "Hiawatha" was based.	36 168 182 10 138 3 128 69
V. Author of "Clarissa Harlowe," 1747-48.	100 150 129 172 60 24 50 15 76 184
W. Lowing; bellowing.	102 37 153 18 149 33 93
X. Effectiveness, potency.	51 25 84 71 105 124 134 163 56 170
Y. Italian painter (1483-1520).	55 103 70 21 39 59 122
Z. A way of voting (3 wds.).	30 9 101 112 130 12 94 52 155 34 78

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



JANUARY 1, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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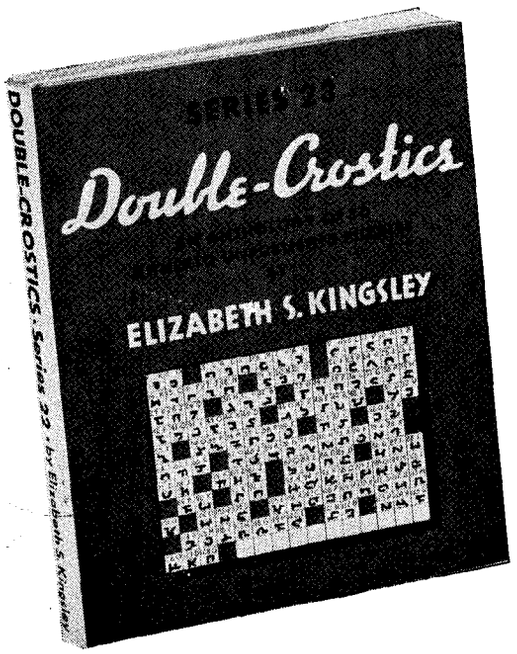

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2. Which is bigger: (a) a viola (b) a cello?
3. Which Booth brother shot Lincoln: (a) John Wilkes (b) Edwin?
4. What was Thackeray's middle name: (a) Makepeace (b) Melville?
5. Would you rather (a) take part in a good bridge game or (b) take part in a good conversation?
6. Whom would you rather meet: (a) Napoleon (b) Lord Byron?
7. How do you feel towards dictionaries and encyclopedias: (a) friendly (b) frightened?
8. Would you rather (a) play solitaire (b) solve puzzles?

If at least four of your answers (including the one to Question 8) tally with those given at the bottom of this page, then you will find this book delightful and dangerous. It will make you forget your troubles—and miss trains. It will make you feel brilliant—and stay up too late.

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(1) a (2) b (3) a (4) a (5) b (6) b (7) a (8) b

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